OUR VERSION OF "ALIEN"

A HACK JOB ON "TAXI"

DAVE BERG

JACK DAVIS

DON MARTIN

...AND THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS ARE ALL IN THIS ISSUE OF...

No. 212 Jan. '80

MAD

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NUMBER 212 JANUARY 1980

MAD

"Beware of the guy who comes up and slaps you on the back. He's bound to expect you to cough up something!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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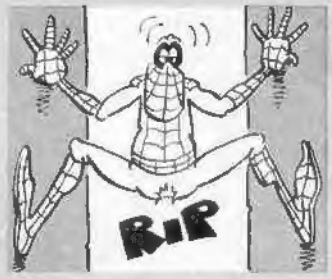
VITAL FEATURES

"ALIAS" (A MAD Movie Satire) Pg. 4



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LETTERS DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONES'S MOWER POWER

Aragones's UPC symbol "cut-up" is "shear genius"!

Jeff Gray
Montclair, Calif.

THE RING AND I

For years I have been able to refrain from commenting on your magazine by reminding myself I am a logical, sensible person and I buy it during hallucinatory fits that only seem to occur when it appears on the newsstand. However. "The Ring And I" so caught the flavor of Tolkien, I must say "Frodo exults!" to Drucker and Jacobs.

G. Kambic
S. Euclid, Ohio

Only you could do it, turn a serious classic into a comedy and still retain the Tolkien majesty! I thank you for not destroying a good thing.

Joe Abbott
St. Paul, Minn

Hobbits are supposed to have hairy feet. Mort Drucker made the feet of Frodo and his hobbits clean-shaven. Did they suddenly get "Nair" in Middle Earth?

Dorian Tenore
New York, N.Y.

Imagine my surprise as a founder of a national Tolkien Club when I found a brilliant satire on my favorite subject! I loved the original "Lord Of The Rings" movie, because it was Tolkien, and I hated it, because it was flawed. Your satire did justice to both halves of me. Congratulations on a superb job, Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker!

Renee (Arwen) Alper
American Hobbit Assn.
Wilmette, Illinois

MARTIN'S COMICS SOUND EFFECTS

Being a comics fan, you can imagine my reaction to the articles in your recent issues; i.e. "The Incredible Bulk," "Superduperman," "Don Martin's Guide To Some Very Obscure Comics Sound Effects," etc. I was overjoyed! I hope that this is a sign that MAD may be returning to its original roots of comic book satire.

Shawn Poole
Philadelphia, Pa.

How about the sound of Clark Kent, stomping on a cockroach in a crowded elevator at the top floor of The Daily Planet Building? Now, *that* reverberation and crash could shatter all the plate glass in Metropolis!

John Wiencko
Ozone Park, N.Y.

Sandy warning Little Orphan Annie with a "Barf! Barf!". . . ? How does he warn her when he's about to throw up?

"Baby John" Swearingen
New York, New York

MAD'S TABLE OF LITTLE-KNOWN AND VERY USELESS WEIGHTS, MEASURES & DISTANCES

Remember when my mother, Carol Burnett, and I came to the MAD offices to protest your "Defamation of Earlobe" statement (You had written that her earlobe is 2.1 centimeters long because she pulled it at the end of each show for over 11 seasons.) and we proved it was *more* than 2.1 centimeters long? Well, even though you were very gracious and apologetic and gave us some delightful Alfred E. Neuman MAD mementoes, the laugh is on you because we *still* intend to sue!

Jody Hamilton
Hollywood, Calif.

Carol Burnett and Daughter Jody Playing It By Ear At MAD Offices

In "MAD's Table Of Little-Known And Very Useless Weights, Measures & Distances," you said that 2.1 centimeters is how much Carol Burnett's *right* earlobe had stretched in 11 seasons. I am quite sure it is her *left* earlobe she pulled at the end of every show.

Gabrielle Esperdy
Philadelphia, Pa.

Shhhh! You want to get us into *another* law suit?!—Ed.

You failed to mention this little-known and very, very useless measurements: 10 Minutes . . . is the average time it takes to locate an issue of MAD Magazine that hasn't had the Fold-In already folded-in beyond recognition.

Lloyd Golubski
Novato, Calif.

How about: 150,000,000 Gallons is the amount of water that annually runs over the sides of gas station toilets!

Larry Cole
Newville, Alabama

JAFFEE'S METAL-URGING

While the MAD MEDALS, "Presented To Deserving Athletes," may be richly deserved, I think Al Jaffee, who has rendered them so carefully, has actually added insult to injury. They all look as though they're made of *cheap plastic*. Jaffee should go back to Art School and improve his metal!

Joan Winters
Great Barrington, Massachusetts

They look as though they're made of cheap plastic because they ARE cheap plastic! After all, MAD is a cheap magazine!—Ed.

SIXTY SECONDS

Your "Sixty Seconds" stand with regard to the effects of television on the American intellect is most commendable. Sure, it makes great fun, but I do detect a seriousness behind the fun that is sobering.

Mark Hugo
Omaha, Neb.

I simply couldn't withdraw from Silverstone's "TV-A" (Television Addiction) article! I'm hooked on his crafty treatise.

Rodney Bublitz
Chicago, Ill.

Watch for a "Sixty Seconds" investigation of "MAD Addiction"!—Ed.

VAGUE-$

Torres and De Bartolo gave us such a vivid description of the activities, allures, and intrigues of "Vegas," it should send the gambling casinos booming . . . in Atlantic City!

Robert Capitani
Rutherford, N.J.

When you published your version of "Vegas," you took a big gamble!

Dan Partridge
Middletown, N.Y.

"YES . . . ME WORRY!" MINI-POSTER

Your poster on the back cover is super and shows that maybe you are not such an idiot after all. Nuclear power is dangerous, expensive, and a stupid way to generate electricity. The tremendous government subsidies to the nuclear industry take away money from the development of proven safe alternatives such as solar and conservation.

Edmund Haffmans
Innovative Studies
S.U.N.Y.
New Paltz, New York

I showed your Mini-Poster to the researchers in our Reactor Analysis and Safety Division, and they all got a real BLAST out of it!

Robert Erck
U.S. Department of Energy
Argonne National Laboratory
Argonne, Illinois

I live right under those stacks at Three Mile Island. Your "Yes . . . Me Worry!" MAD Mini-Poster made my face *radiate*!

Thad Gutshall
Middletown, Pa.

THE MAD MAGAZINE GAME

I recently purchased "The MAD Magazine Game" by Parker Brothers, in which the object is to lose your money. However, a much quicker way to lose your money is to fill out a MAD Subscription coupon. I hope to lose a lot more money that way!

Joey Townsel
Holtville, Calif.

Now that Parker Brothers has a "winner" in Monopoly and a "loser" in The MAD Magazine Game, maybe they'll "break even" by packaging "43-Man Squamish"?

Karen Conway
Jersey City, N.J.

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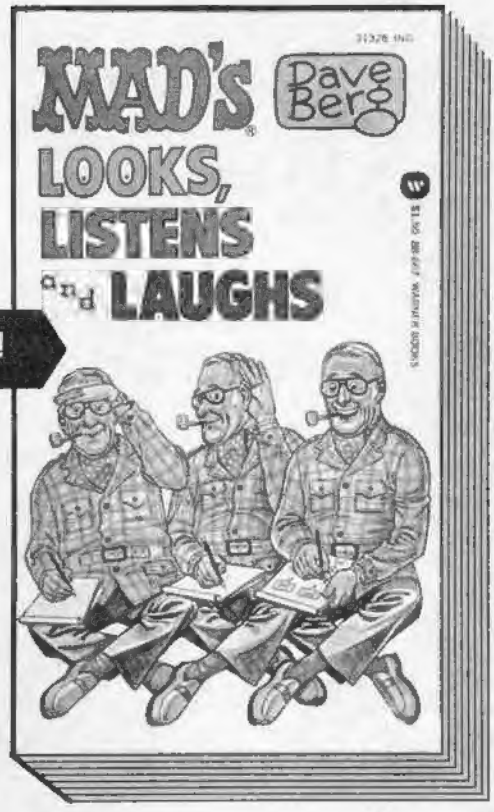

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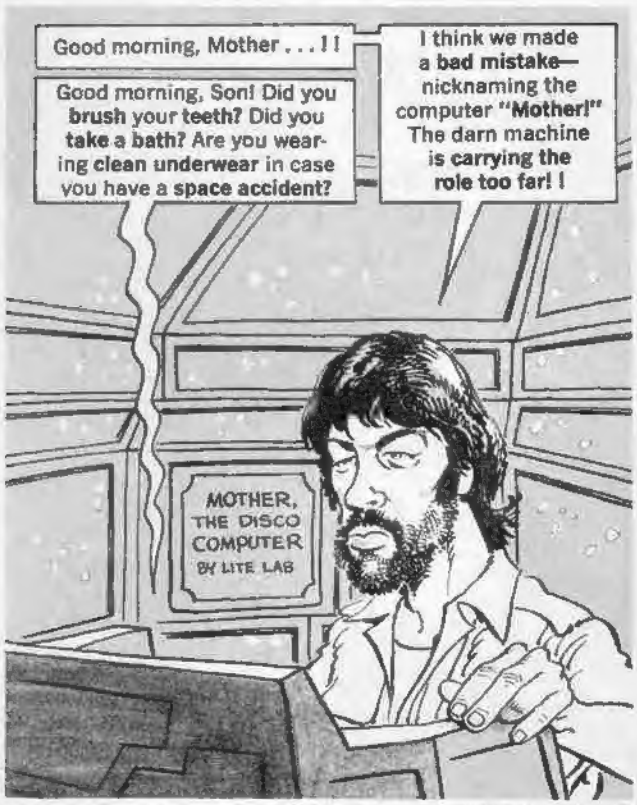
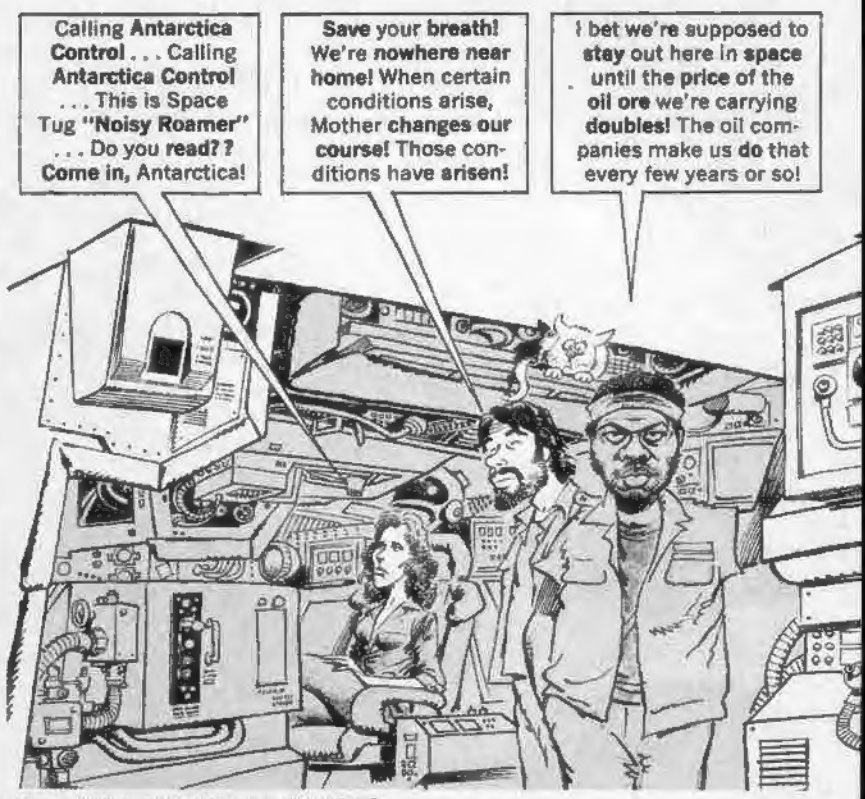
EATING OUT DEPT.

The latest hit movie making the rounds is about a creature from another planet. It's supposed to be an original film, but it's a lot like an old movie called "The Thing," and a little like "The Exorcist," with a touch of "Star Wars," and a hint of "The Creature From The Black Lagoon," with a slight echo of "Lost in Space." As a matter of fact, it reminds us of so many movies, instead of "Alien," it should be called . . .

How long were we in the "Sleep Pods" this time?
Four weeks!
Boy . . . talk about sleeping through the alarm clock . . . !
I keep forgetting that we sleep for weeks at a time! I think I'm gonna have to give up shaving BEFORE I go to bed! !
You say we were asleep four weeks? ! ? Now I don't feel so bad about wetting the bed! !
Frett and I talked it over . . . and we've decided we want an equal share of pay! After all, we LOADED this space tug!
That's a big deal! This space tug has "AUTOMATIC LOAD!"
Yeah, but WE were the ones who PUSHED the BUTTON!!
Ho-hum! So much for THIS wake-up period's exciting and interesting conversation! This time, I suggest we go back to sleep for FIVE weeks! !
MODULE SELECTOR RO
PREVIEW MONITOR
WENDY'S HOT AND JUICY FOOD COMMISSARY
COURTESY F. PERDUE JR.
7UP
COPKO PROD.
DRUCKER

ALIAS


Good morning, Mother . . . ! !
Good morning, Son! Did you brush your teeth? Did you take a bath? Are you wearing clean underwear in case you have a space accident?
I think we made a bad mistake—nicknaming the computer "Mother!" The darn machine is carrying the role too far! !
MOTHER, THE DISCO COMPUTER BY LITE LAB


Calling Antarctica Control . . . Calling Antarctica Control . . . This is Space Tug "Noisy Roamer" . . . Do you read? ? Come in, Antarctica!
Save your breath! We're nowhere near home! When certain conditions arise, Mother changes our course! Those conditions have arisen!
I bet we're supposed to stay out here in space until the price of the oil ore we're carrying doubles! The oil companies make us do that every few years or so!

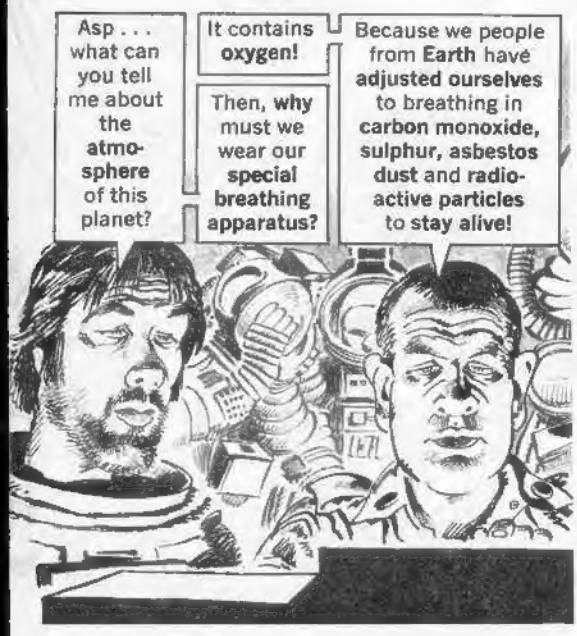
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

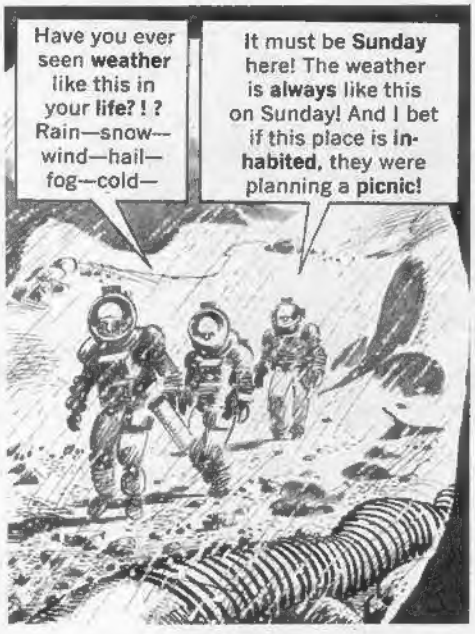
Mother has intercepted transmissions of unknown origin! She's already diverted our space tug to investigate! We'll probably be settling down into a hostile environment where they'll be speaking a mysterious language!
Oh, boy . . . We're going to Washington, D.C. . . . !

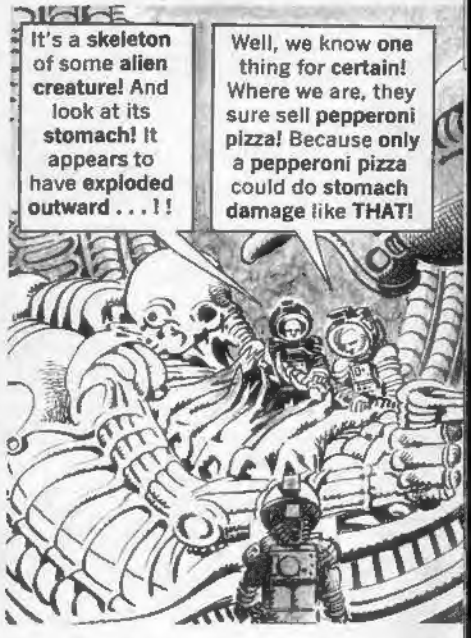
Ready for "Undocking" . . . !
Set all gauges to 450° . . . ! Turn microwave to "latch!" Activate teflon pans . . . ! Grease cookie sheets, and—
I hate to interrupt during the countdown, Dripley . . . but I believe you're reading the ship's "Cookbook" not the ship's "Manual!" !
Too late! Hang on! ! I already pushed "GRATE & CHOP!"

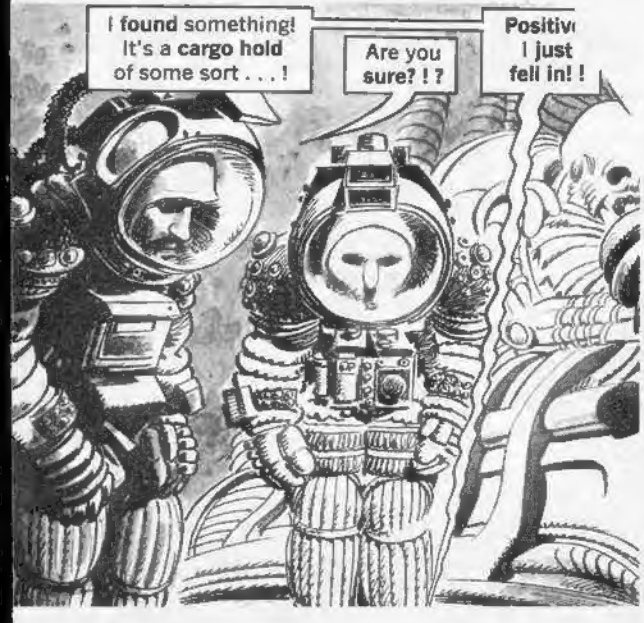
KATCHOOM!

Y'know, that wasn't a bad landing . . . considering I made one little mistake!
Using the Cook Book? ! ?
No, using the WRONG PART of the ship!
We all should be in the OTHER part! The LANDER!!
DOCK
LATCH
STOP
LAND
GO
COAST
DOCK
FUDGE
HANG
PRAY
NO


Asp . . . what can you tell me about the atmosphere of this planet?
It contains oxygen!
Then, why must we wear our special breathing apparatus?
Because we people from Earth have adjusted ourselves to breathing in carbon monoxide, sulphur, asbestos dust and radioactive particles to stay alive!


Have you ever seen weather like this in your life? ! ? Rain—snow—wind—hail—fog—cold—
It must be Sunday here! The weather is always like this on Sunday! And I bet if this place is inhabited, they were planning a picnic!


It's a skeleton of some alien creature! And look at its stomach! It appears to have exploded outward . . . ! !
Well, we know one thing for certain! Where we are, they sure sell pepperoni pizza! Because only a pepperoni pizza could do stomach damage like THAT!


I found something! It's a cargo hold of some sort . . . !
Are you sure? ! ?
Positive I just fell in! !

There's something strange down here . . . some kind of eggs! They're pale green and covered with a light blue mist . . .
This is no alien space ship! ! This is where the Easter Bunny lives!

HEAD SHOP

Asp, Mother has deciphered part of that mysterious message! It's **NOT** an **S.O.S.**! It's a **warning** of some sort! I'd better go out and **warn them** before it's **too late!**

By the time you **suit up** and **find** them, they'll **KNOW** if something is wrong!!

You're **right!** ! I'll warn them **AFTER** it's too late! !

Dripley, **open** the **hatch!** Something has happened to **Pain . . . ! !**

What **is** it?

We **don't know!** He just keeps **mumbling!**

I **can't** let you in until you're **more specific!** Exactly **what happened . . . ?**

We **don't know** for **sure!** We **DO** know, whatever it is, it was **terribly embarrassing** for Pain! He keeps saying something about having **EGG all over his face!!**

That idiot! ! When he said he'd found something in the cargo hold, ! told him to **examine it closely . . .** but **this** is **ridiculous!** And whatever it **is,** it **won't come off!** What are we gonna **do?**

Beats me! We could **paint it BLACK** and tell people he **grew a BEARD!**

What an **incredible creature** this alien thing is! It—it **grabs hold** of a man, puts him into a **coma,** sucks all the **life** out of him . . . yet gives him enough **oxygen** to keep him alive **indefinitely!**

What's so **incredible** about **that? Doctors** in **hospitals** do it **all the time!**

My God! **Look!** I cut one of the thing's **legs off,** and the **stuff** that came out **ate right through the floor!** !

Are you **sure** the stuff came from the **creature?** ! I spilled a can of **Diet Cola** here a while back, and you **KNOW** what **THAT** can do! !

FSSSZ

It's amazing! The thing has **ACID** for **BLOOD!** !

That's **great!** Maybe we can kill him with a **ROLAID!** !

How's our **creepy guest!** ?

I'm **fine,** Dripley!

I meant the **OTHER** creepy guest . . . that **THING!** !

It disappeared! The only thing I'm **certain** of is, it's **NOT** in the **Medical Supply Cabinet!**

In **that** case, **I'LL** search for him in the **Medical Supply Cabinet!** The **REST** of you, search the **other** parts of the ship! And **good luck!**

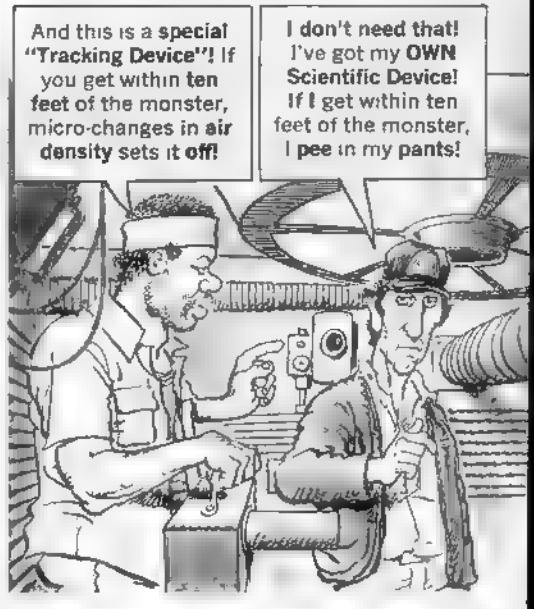
THERE he is!
GET HIM!!
GET HIM!!
That's the CAT . . . you idiot!
Well, why in the world did we ever bring a CAT into space with us?
For companionship . . . and to create sudden scary effects!
EEOW!
Here it is! I found it! It's DEAD!!
Good! Let's get that yecchy thing OUT of here!
Are you crazy?! This thing is one of a kind!! A rare species! I'm taking it back to Earth!!
Whatever FOR?!?
To put in people's drawers, and down women's dresses!! This yecchy thing will scare people silly! It has the WHOOPEE CUSHION beat by a MILE!!
It—it MOVED!!
That's only a reflex action. You know what a reflex action is, don't you?
Yeah . . . what Dripley is doing right now . . . BARFING!
Dullest . . . why are you letting Asp keep that disgusting thing on this ship?
Because he has a title on this ship, and it's that title which authorizes him to take such action!
And what title is that . . . ?
Chief Officer In Charge Of Making Stupid Decisions!
Okay, it's time to blast off this God-forsaken planet! Ready, everybody?
Altering radar vectors . . . Retracting landing struts . . . energizing rockets . . .
Dripley, why are you going through all those complicated procedures, when all you have to do it just push the switch marked "Auto Blast Off?"
Because we NEED all the dialogue we can GET! This is a two-hour movie, and it's got six minutes of dialogue!!
You made a miraculous recovery, Pain! How do you feel . . . ?
Fine! Just fine! But, boy . . . am I HUNGRY!! I'm so hungry, I—I could eat a MONSTER!
Slurp . . . crunch . . .
I think he's forgotten his manners! He's eating with his HANDS!
That's only because he ALREADY ATE his silverware!
I—I . . . Belch . . .
Gaggh . . . Choke . . . BARF . . .
SCREEAM!
If he's playing "Charades," my guess is he's acting out "The Exorcist!"
ACTING it out, I don't mind! HEAVING it out is a bit nauseating!
God, he's giving BIRTH!
Pain, I'm putting you on report!! I TOLD everyone on this ship I wanted them on Birth Control Pills!!

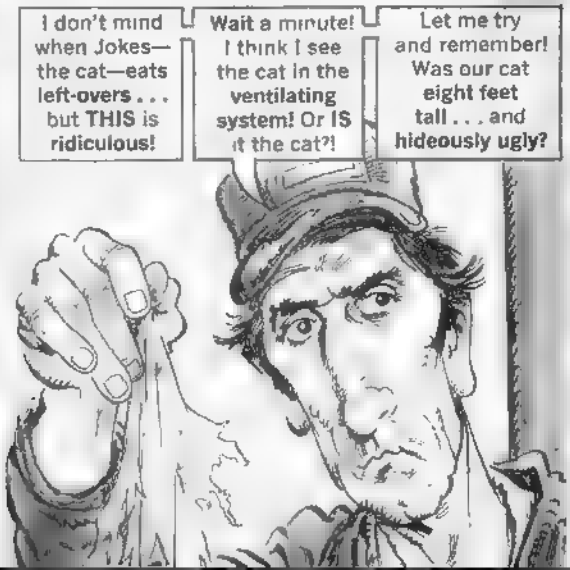
What WAS that ugly hideous thing?!
All I know is . . it wasn't MINE!! It didn't have my eyes, or my nose, or my beard . . . or ANYTHING!!
I . . . I can't stop sobbing!
Don't be jealous, Lambaste!
Someday, you'll have a baby of your OWN!!

Whatever it is . . . it killed Pain! And now it's loose in the ship . . . and I'm SCARED!
Oh, don't be such a baby! Now, get some sleep, and we'll look for it in the morning! Good night, everybody!
Good night, Dull!
Good night, Bark!
Good night, Drip!
Good night, Frett!
And don't anybody get up to go to the bathroom without the other five!

I've heard of "Burials at Sea"... but this is my first "Burial at Space"...
I know that the FIRST thing that flew out was PAIN . . . but what was the OTHER thing?
His tombstone! The Captain wanted it to be a "proper burial!"!
ONE WAY
BYE
THIS WAY

Okay, here's a weapon for each of you! It's a portable Cattle Prod! It's insulated here . . .
. . and here . . .
. . and here . . .
BUT NOT HERE!!


And this is a special "Tracking Device"! If you get within ten feet of the monster, micro-changes in air density sets it off!
I don't need that! I've got my OWN Scientific Device! If I get within ten feet of the monster, I pee in my pants!


I don't mind when Jokes—the cat—eats left-overs . . . but THIS is ridiculous!
Wait a minute! I think I see the cat in the ventilating system! Or IS it the cat?!
Let me try and remember! Was our cat eight feet tall . . . and hideously ugly?

GORE!

Frett is dead!
Did the thing get him . . ??
Well, sort of! He WET himself to death!

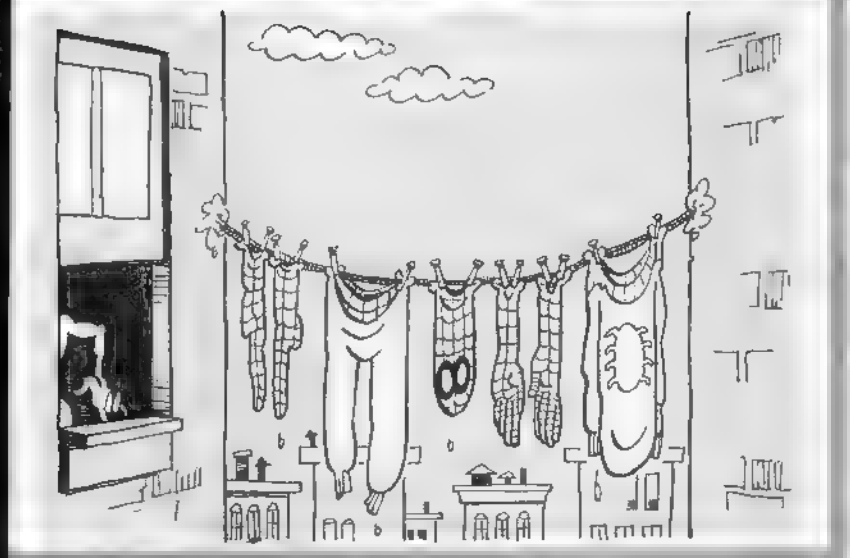
We KNOW he's in the ventilating system!! Now, what do we do?
I say cut off his air!
I say cut off his heat!
I say raise his rent!
We're trying to kill a monster—not evict a tenant!
I have a reading on you, Dullest! I know exactly where, in the ventilating system, you are!
Are you sure?!?
I'm positive! By the way, WHICH dot are you?!?
Whaddya mean . . . "Which dot?" I'm here alone! I'm the ONLY dot!!
Well, I see TWO DOTS, so—unless you have a split personality, I suggest you start running and screaming!
BLOOD!
First . . . the thing got Pain—and now Frett and Dullest are gone!
Yeah! And you want to know something? Considering that ". . . in space, no one can hear you scream," they made a hell of a racket!
What's REALLY going on here, Mother? Tell me the TRUTH!
All alien life must be brought back to Earth, even if the entire crew has to be sacrificed!
Boy . . . now I know why they call you "Mother" . . . you MOTHER!!
Now, now! Let's not be upset with Mother!
You knew, you creep! You knew we were to be sacrificed! You—you're nothing but a company man, working hand in hand with that lousy computer!
Well, not exactly hand in hand . . . ! More like transistor in transistor!
SOK!
Will you look at that! Asp is a robot!
No wonder he never reacted to me as a woman!
I got news for you!! I'm NOT a robot, and you never really turned ME on, either!
I always suspected Asp was a robot! He was the only one of us who called the computer "Mother" like he meant it!
Reconnect his vocal chords so I can ask him how we kill the thing!
You CAN'T!! It has a structural perfection never matched by any other human being!
Evidentally, Asp, you've never seen Dolly Parton!
Okay, Asp, if you won't help us, I'm pulling your plug!
Big deal! I already PULLED YOURS!!
TA TA TA TA

I'm putting the ship on "Auto Detonation" to blow it up! We'll escape in the Lander! You two, go below and get all the fuel and food you can carry!
I'll go look for Jokes, the cat!
That cat has scared the life out of me six times already!
Well, he STILL has three lives to go!
Let's not pile TOO many things on this cart! I want to be able to go through "Express Check-Out"!
Let's see! So far, we've got fuel, vitamins, coffee, monster, eggs, milk—*ulp!* MONSTER?!
Good Lord!! When I said "Express CHECK-OUT," I didn't mean my L—I—F—E!
BLECCH
Well, the monster got Barker and Lambaste . . . and I'm all alone on this Lander! So . . . since there's no one left to talk to, I guess I'll strip off all my clothes to keep the audience entertained . . .
Boy, I just got a look at myself in the mirror, and I look terrible! My hair is a mess . . . my make-up is smeared . . . my tentacles are wrinkled . . . my stainless teeth need brushing—
Oh, NO! ! It's followed me into the Lander! It seems determined to kill every last one of us! It must be a MOVIE CRITIC!
I know! I'll give it the old "Look out the window at the fantastic view from up here!" routine, and then I'll blast him off into outer space! !
This is Dripley, reporting . . . I've blasted the monster into space, and now I'm going to get into my sleep pod for the six month trip back to Earth!
We've got NEWS for you, Dripley, You're only SIX MINUTES from Earth!
Look! Up in the sky!
It's a bird!
It's a plane!
It's Superman!
Superman doesn't have a stainless steel cape . . . ! !
It's SUPER ALIEN! !
Somebody's gonna pay for this!
Yeah! US!

DON MARTIN DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT SPI

DER-MAN

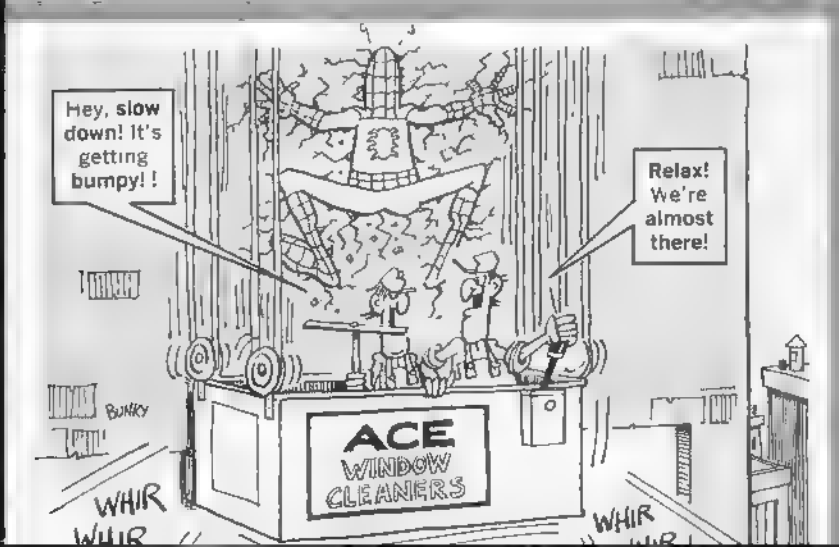


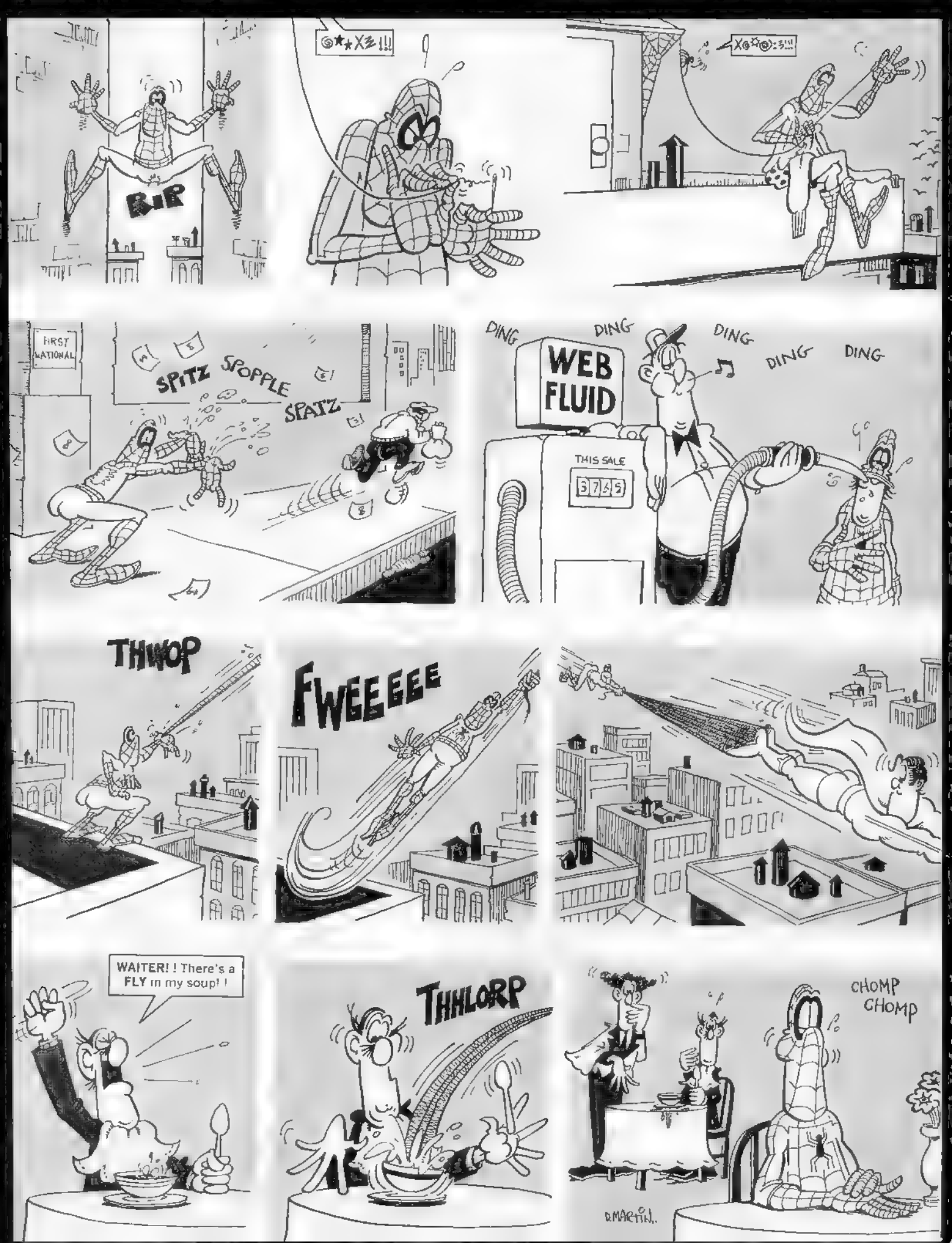
KLOMP

ZIT ZIT ZIZIZIZ Z Z Z Z Z

THUD
KILLS SPIDERS
ANT TRAP
ROACH PILL
ROACH PILL

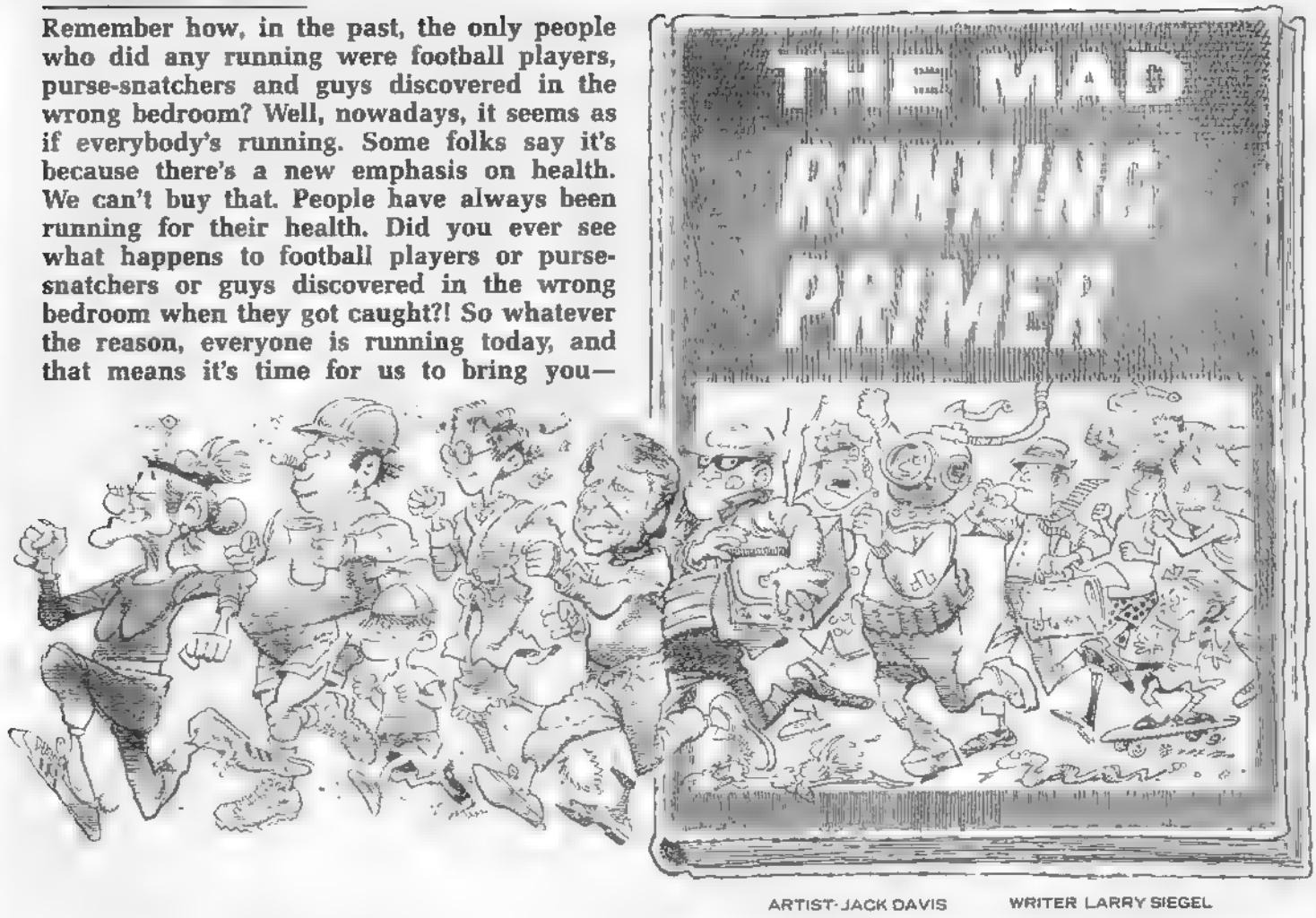
WET PAINT
THUD


Hey, slow down! It's getting bumpy!!
Relax! We're almost there!
ACE WINDOW CLEANERS
BUNKY
WHIR
WHIR
WHIR


RIP
FIRST NATIONAL
SPITZ SPOPPLE SPATZ
DING DING DING DING DING
WEB FLUID
THIS SALE
3 7 5
THWOP
FWEEEEE
WAITER! ! There's a FLY in my soup! !
THHLORP
CHOMP CHOMP
D.MARTIN

JOGGER-NUTS DEPT.

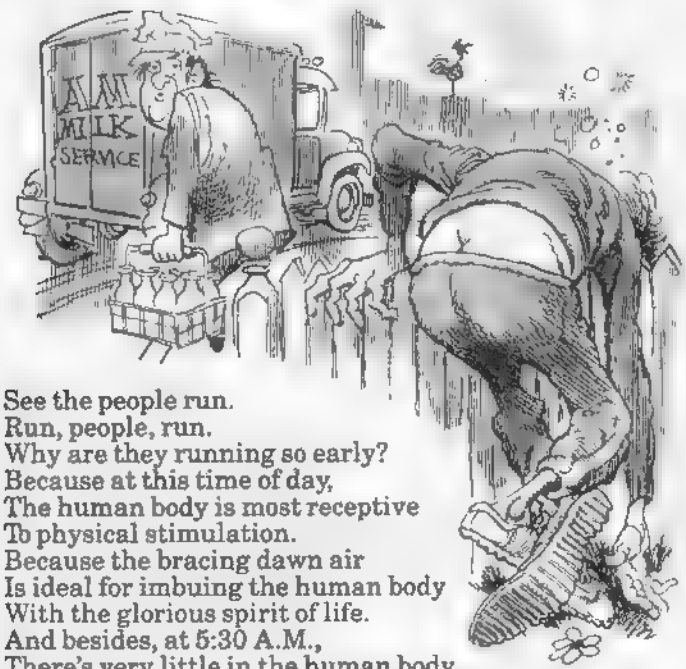
Remember how, in the past, the only people who did any running were football players, purse-snatchers and guys discovered in the wrong bedroom? Well, nowadays, it seems as if everybody's running. Some folks say it's because there's a new emphasis on health. We can't buy that. People have always been running for their health. Did you ever see what happens to football players or purse-snatchers or guys discovered in the wrong bedroom when they got caught?! So whatever the reason, everyone is running today, and that means it's time for us to bring you—



ARTIST-JACK DAVIS WRITER LARRY SIEGEL

Chapter One

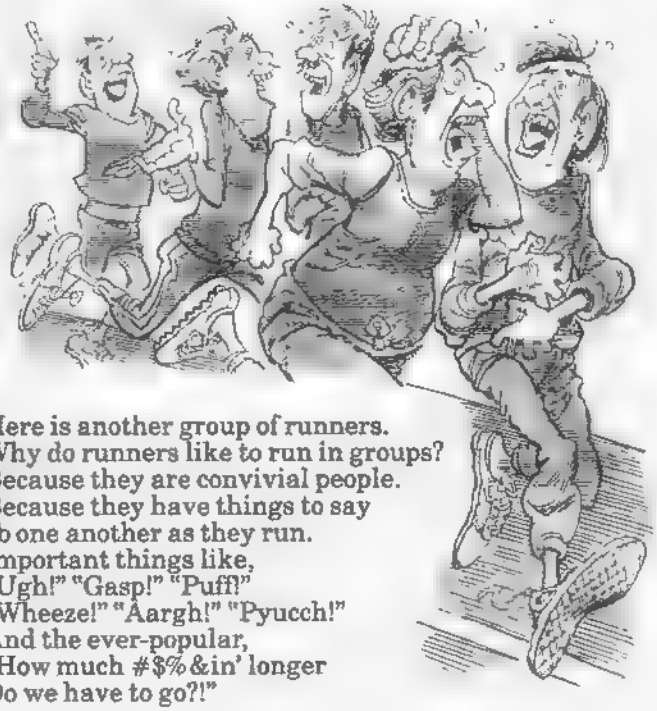
THE EARLY MORNING RUNNERS



See the people run.
Run, people, run.
Why are they running so early?
Because at this time of day,
The human body is most receptive
To physical stimulation.
Because the bracing dawn air
Is ideal for imbuing the human body
With the glorious spirit of life.
And besides, at 5:30 A.M.,
There's very little in the human body
To throw up!

Chapter Two

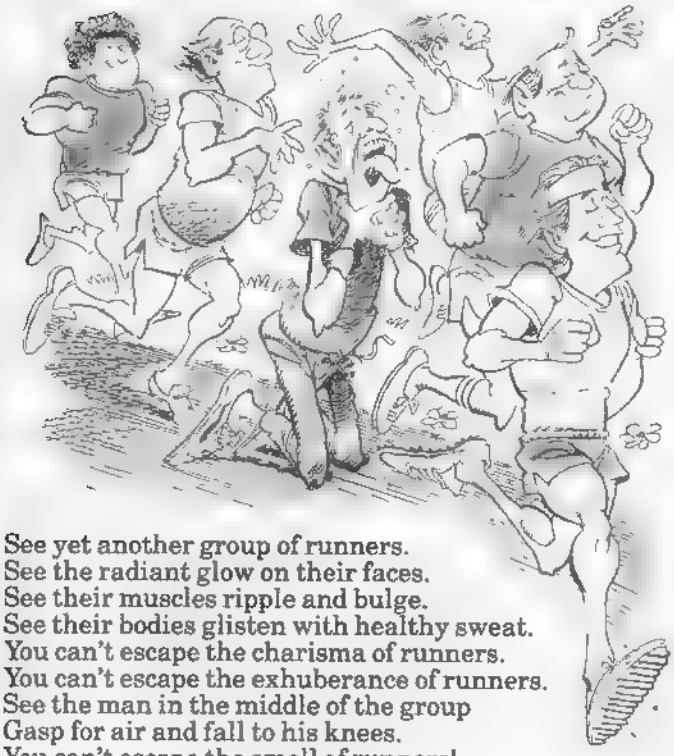
THE CAMARADERIE OF RUNNING



Here is another group of runners.
Why do runners like to run in groups?
Because they are convivial people.
Because they have things to say
To one another as they run.
Important things like,
"Ugh!" "Gasp!" "Puff!"
"Wheeze!" "Aargh!" "Pyucch!"
And the ever-popular,
"How much #$%&in' longer
Do we have to go?!"

Chapter Three

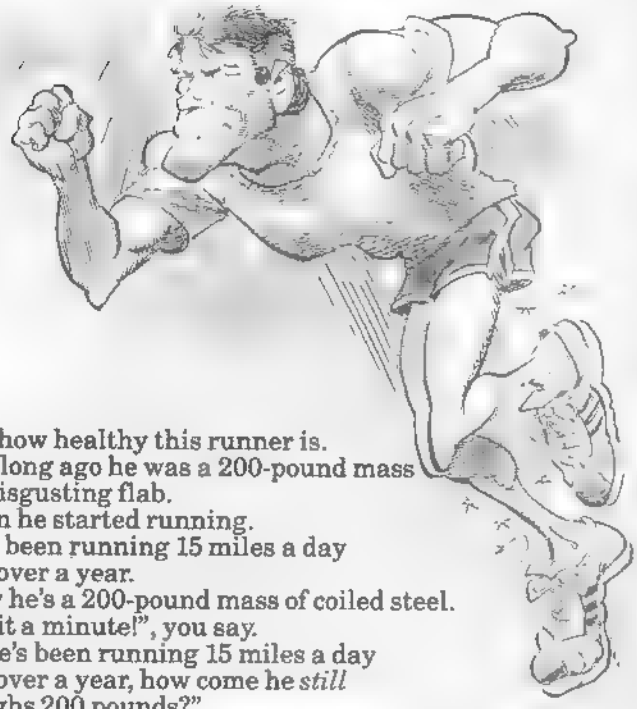
THE MAGIC AURA OF RUNNING



See yet another group of runners.
See the radiant glow on their faces.
See their muscles ripple and bulge.
See their bodies glisten with healthy sweat.
You can't escape the charisma of runners.
You can't escape the exhuberance of runners.
See the man in the middle of the group
Gasp for air and fall to his knees.
You can't escape the smell of runners!

Chapter Four

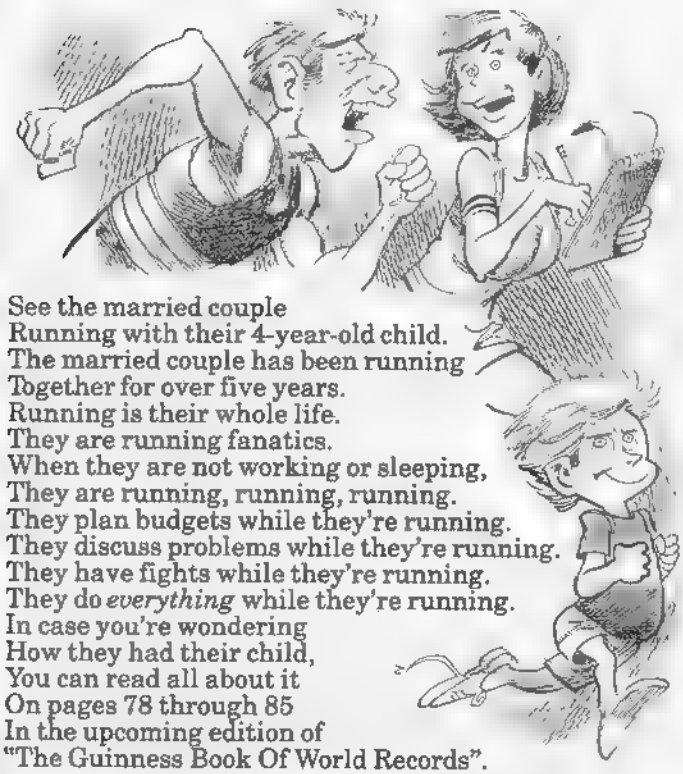
RUNNING FOR HEALTH



See how healthy this runner is.
Not long ago he was a 200-pound mass
Of disgusting flab.
Then he started running.
He's been running 15 miles a day
For over a year.
Now he's a 200-pound mass of coiled steel.
"Wait a minute!", you say.
"If he's been running 15 miles a day
For over a year, how come he *still*
Weighs 200 pounds?"
That's because although he's lost 40 pounds,
He's also acquired two 20-pound foot blisters!

Chapter Seven

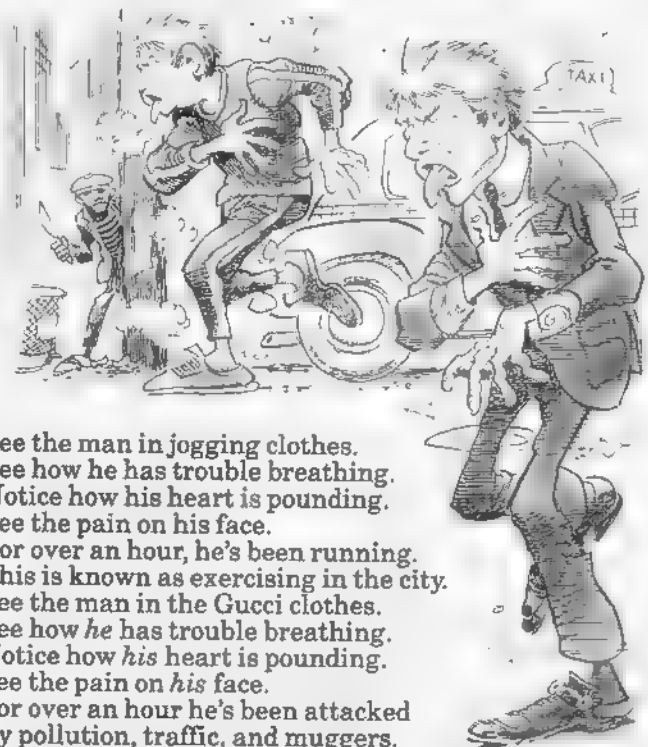
FAMILY RUNNING



See the married couple
Running with their 4-year-old child.
The married couple has been running
Together for over five years.
Running is their whole life.
They are running fanatics.
When they are not working or sleeping,
They are running, running, running.
They plan budgets while they're running.
They discuss problems while they're running.
They have fights while they're running.
They do *everything* while they're running.
In case you're wondering
How they had their child,
You can read all about it
On pages 78 through 85
In the upcoming edition of
"The Guinness Book Of World Records".

Chapter Eight

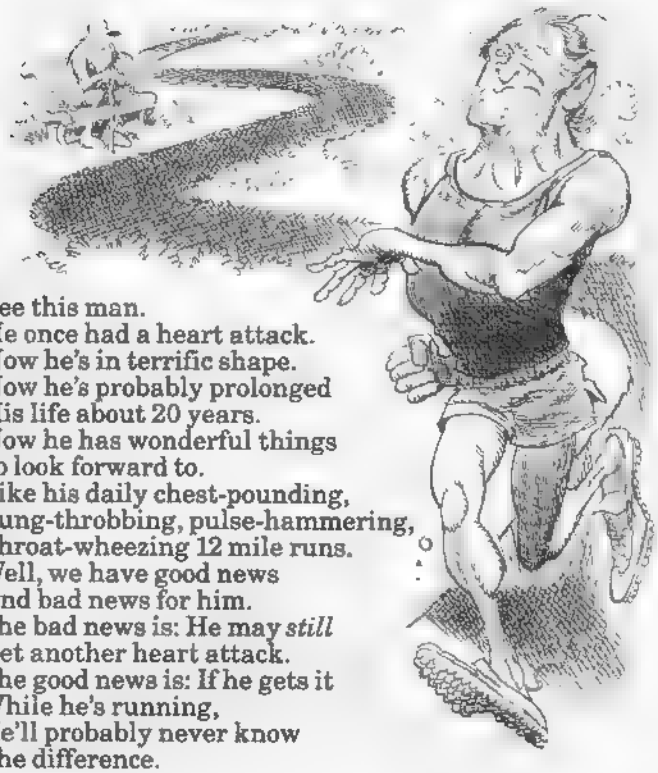
EXERCISING IN THE CITY



See the man in jogging clothes.
See how he has trouble breathing.
Notice how his heart is pounding.
See the pain on his face.
For over an hour, he's been running.
This is known as exercising in the city.
See the man in the Gucci clothes.
See how *he* has trouble breathing.
Notice how *his* heart is pounding.
See the pain on *his* face.
For over an hour he's been attacked
By pollution, traffic, and muggers.
This is known as *living* in the city.

Chapter Five

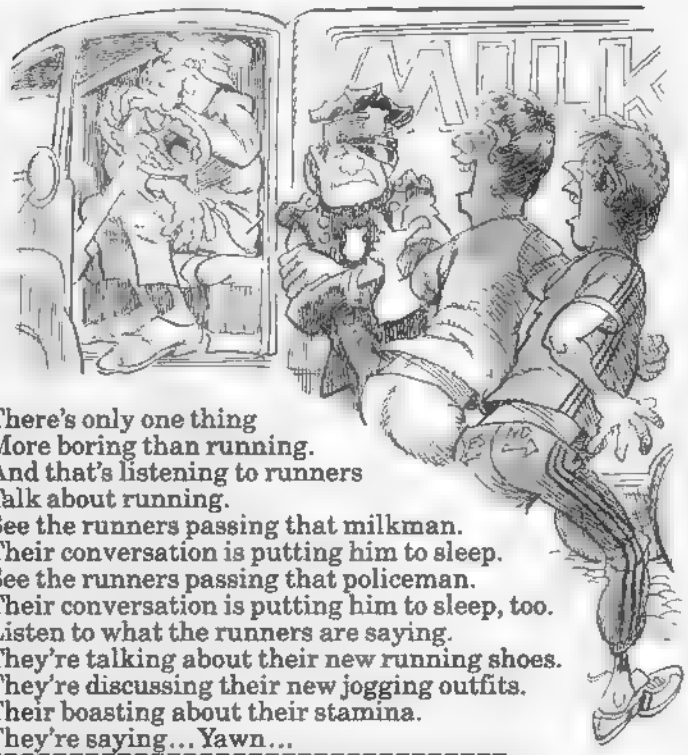
PROLONGING YOUR LIFE



See this man.
He once had a heart attack.
Now he's in terrific shape.
Now he's probably prolonged
His life about 20 years.
Now he has wonderful things
To look forward to.
Like his daily chest-pounding,
Lung-throbbing, pulse-hammering,
Throat-wheezing 12 mile runs.
Well, we have good news
And bad news for him.
The bad news is: He may *still*
Get another heart attack.
The good news is: If he gets it
While he's running,
He'll probably never know
The difference.

Chapter Six

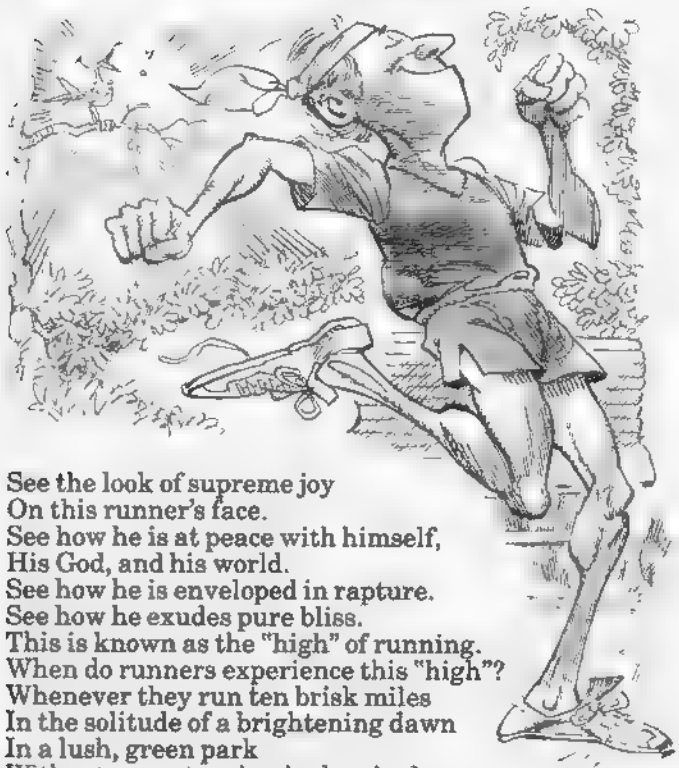
THE BOREDOM OF RUNNING



There's only one thing
More boring than running.
And that's listening to runners
Talk about running.
See the runners passing that milkman.
Their conversation is putting him to sleep.
See the runners passing that policeman.
Their conversation is putting him to sleep, too.
Listen to what the runners are saying.
They're talking about their new running shoes.
They're discussing their new jogging outfits.
Their boasting about their stamina.
They're saying... Yawn...
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ...

Chapter Nine

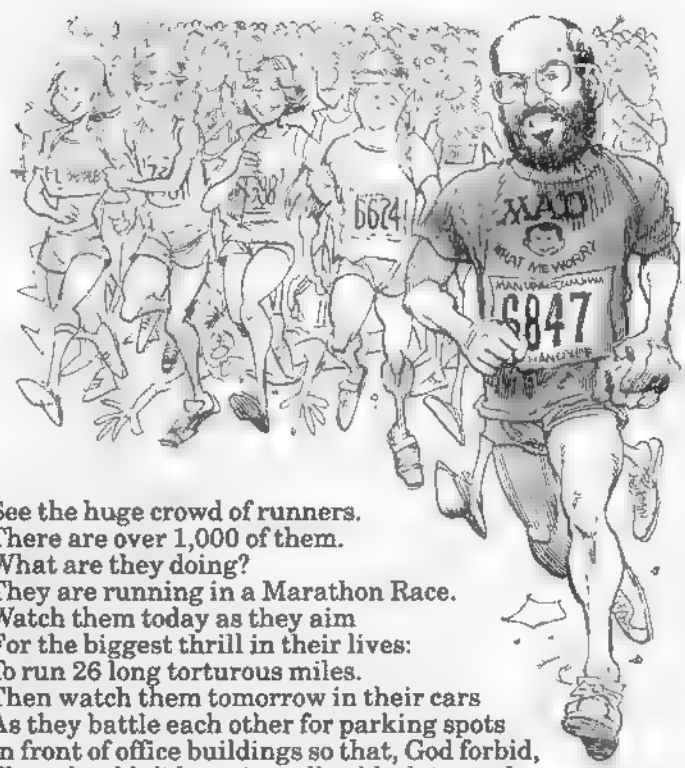
THE HIGH OF RUNNING



See the look of supreme joy
On this runner's face.
See how he is at peace with himself,
His God, and his world.
See how he is enveloped in rapture.
See how he exudes pure bliss.
This is known as the "high" of running.
When do runners experience this "high"?
Whenever they run ten brisk miles
In the solitude of a brightening dawn
In a lush, green park
Without once stepping in doggie-doo.

Chapter Ten

MARATHON RUNNING

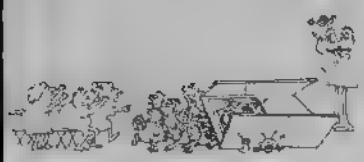


See the huge crowd of runners.
There are over 1,000 of them.
What are they doing?
They are running in a Marathon Race.
Watch them today as they aim
For the biggest thrill in their lives:
To run 26 long torturous miles.
Then watch them tomorrow in their cars
As they battle each other for parking spots
In front of office buildings so that, God forbid,
They shouldn't have to walk a block to work.

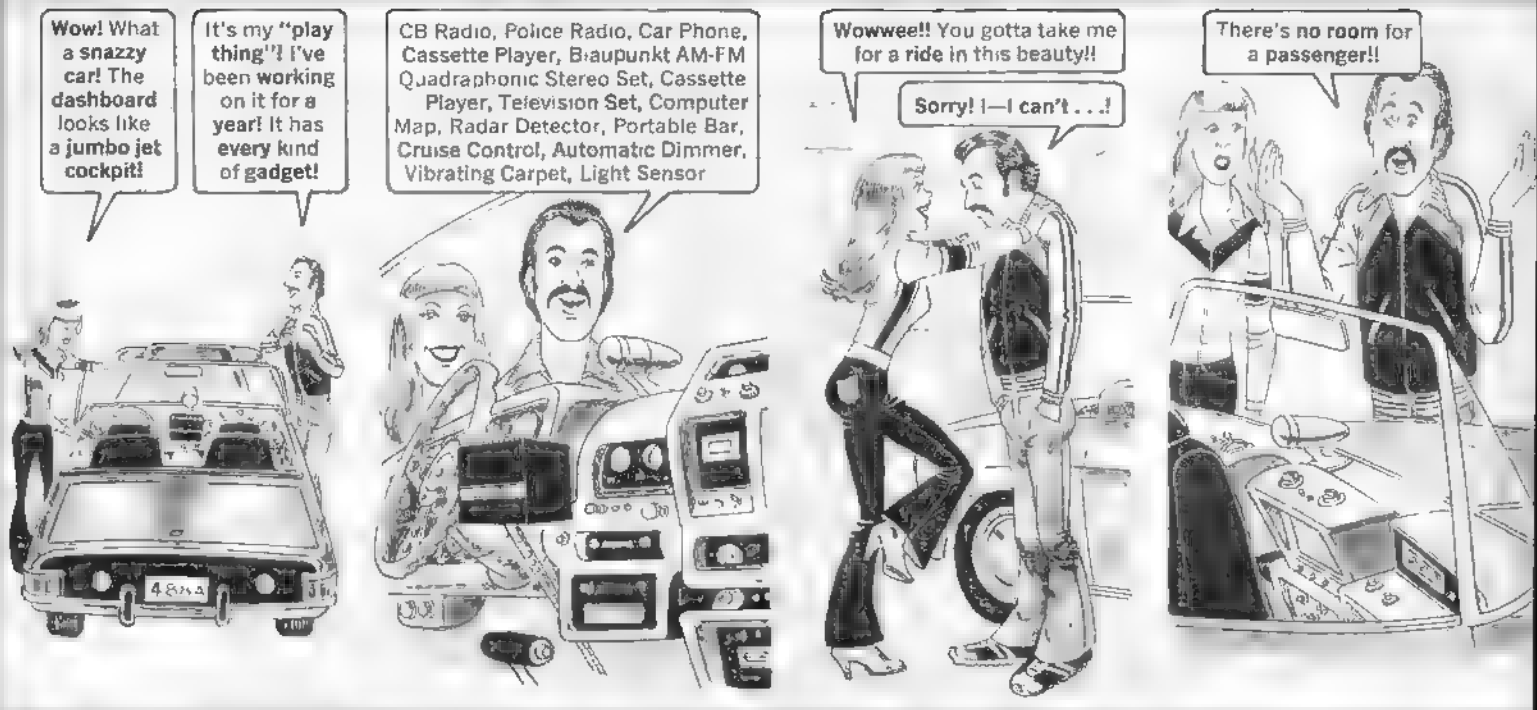
Isn't that cute?! Timmy has all his toy vehicles lined up in front of his toy Gas Station! His imagination is being influenced by current events!
Oh, yeah! It's NOT imagination!
I've got a REAL energy crisis!
NO GAS . . . ?? chuckle-chuckle
NO BATTERIES!!
GAS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



Roller skates have sure changed since I was a kid! They used to have small metal wheels that always wore out . . . and we had to use skate keys to clamp the skates to our regular shoes . . .
Today, they're attached to colorful high shoes with racing stripes! They have double-cushioned chassis for a smoother ride, large plastic wheels with sealed bearings for longer wear, and built-in toe-stoppers for full-control braking!
Yep, things sure have changed!
Not everything!
They STILL have the same ol' built-in FLOP . . . !!
WAP!
SSSSSSS


Wow! What a snazzy car! The dashboard looks like a jumbo jet cockpit!
It's my "play thing"! I've been working on it for a year! It has every kind of gadget!
CB Radio, Police Radio, Car Phone, Cassette Player, Blaupunkt AM-FM Quadraphonic Stereo Set, Cassette Player, Television Set, Computer Map, Radar Detector, Portable Bar, Cruise Control, Automatic Dimmer, Vibrating Carpet, Light Sensor
Wowwee!! You gotta take me for a ride in this beauty!!
Sorry! I—I can't . . .!
There's no room for a passenger!!

TOYS

ARTIST & WRITER DAVE BERG

Oooops . . .!
OWWWWWW!
What happened?
This kid fell off his skate board! Those darn things are dangerous!
I don't think anything is broken, but it could be a tiny crack or a green stick fracture!
Listen, kid . . . I think you ought to hurry down to the Emergency Room at the hospital, and get checked out!
Good idea!!

Oh, boy . . . I love ridin' on these little hot cycles!! I love makin' believe I'm a good guy Motorcycle Cop, chasin' after the bad guys!
CLACKITY CLACK
I love makin' believe I'm a Jet Pilot, breakin' the sound barrier!
CLACKITY CLACK
I love makin' believe I'm a Space Cadet, shootin' down Darth Vader!
CLACKITY CLACK
I just love makin' lots of NOISE!!
CLACKITY CLACK
Hello, Doctor? This is Mary Lou Jenks! My Dolly isn't feeling very well!
What seems to be the trouble?
DOCTORS KIT
I think she has a fever and a bad tummy ache!
Give her two aspirins and call me in the morning!
But she's upchucking all over the doll house, Doctor! Could you come right over?
Sorry . . .
I don't make Doll House calls!
Package for Jimmy Kaputnik!
For ME?! Oh, boy!!
Oh dear! It's damaged . . .!!
WAA!
What are you crying about?
The Delivery Man broke my toy . . .
. . . before I could!!

Grandpa, buy me that!
It's a cheap plastic toy that won't last!
When I was a kid, everything was made of metal! It lasted for years!!
But I WANT it!
Well, okay, even though it's against my better judgement! Er—charge it! I STILL hate plastic!
So why are you using plastic money?!?
How nice! Another article of clothing!
What's nice about it!? All I got for Christmas was lots of clothes . . . and one lousy dart gun!
Clothes are actually very practical gifts! Make the most of them!
Don't worry! I will!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
Look, Daddy . . a "Star Wars" set! It's got a Tie Fighter, a Land-Speeder Rocket, and X-Wing Fighter, a Laser Rifle, R2D2, C-3PO, a Light Saber . . . and everything! Can I have it, Daddy? Can I . . . ??
It's pretty expensive! I don't know if it will fit into our budget . . .
Huh, Daddy? Can I have it? Can I??
I'll let you know in a minute!!
I ask him a big important question, and all he does is take out his card-size digital clock-calendar-alarm-pocket calculator!!
Your Daddy is playing with HIS toy . . . trying to figure out if you can play with YOUR toy!

I can't sleep without my Teddy Bear!
Joe . . . go get him his Teddy Bear!
WHY ME? Alla time, me! Here I am in a nice comfortable chair, watching my favorite show, and have to get up and schlep a Teddy Bear! Why does he have to be so darn insecure? When he grows up, will he STILL be sleeping with his stupid Teddy Bear?
You make the biggest fuss over the littlest things!
Hi, there! I'm a puppet . . . and I can talk!
The HECK you can!
But you hear me talking!
That's not YOU doing the talking!
You're nothing but a stupid toy made of plastic and cloth and ping-pong eyes! You're not a person . . . you're a THING!!
Then why are you talking to me?!?
Daddy! Daddy! Look what Mommy bought me! It's a real fun toy!
You call that a fun toy?!
To me, it's a miserable, frustrating, exasperating, sweat-inducing, pain-in-the-neck, UNFUNNY toy!
Gee, what makes you think it's NOT a fun toy?
It SAYS so right on the box!!
Well, I don't see any such thing!! Where does it say it's not a fun toy?!
Right THERE!!
ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS ENCLOSED
Sorko
David Bee

AD NAUSEA DEPT.

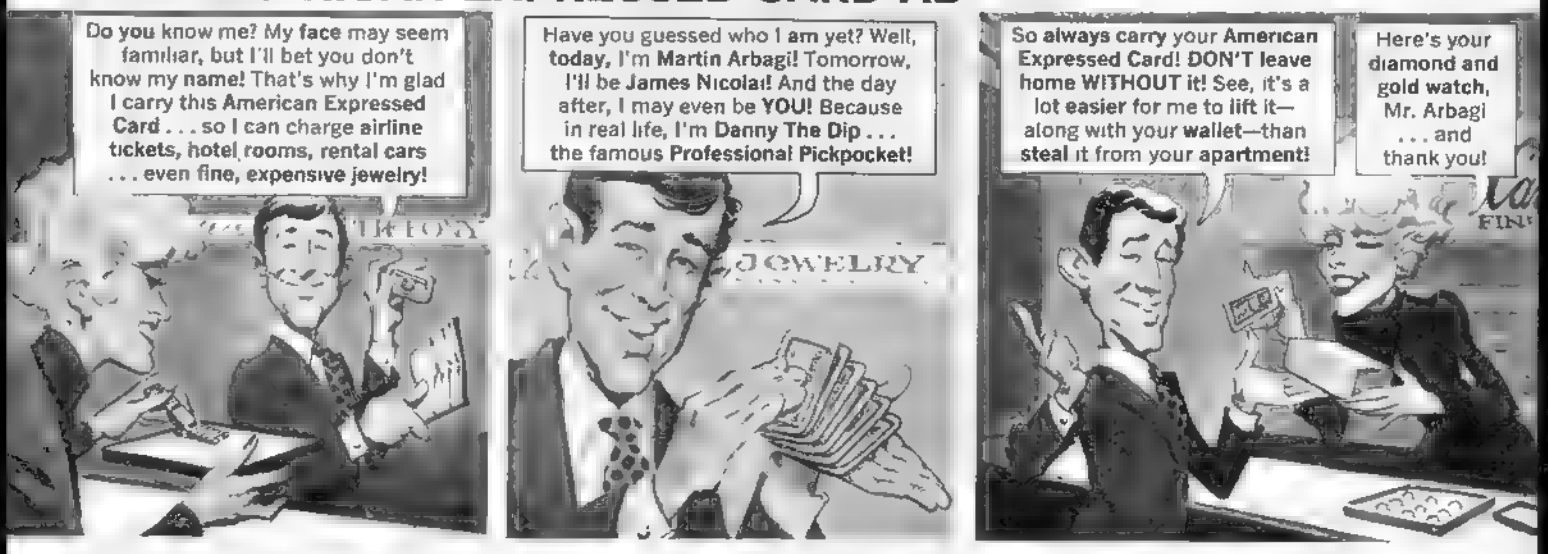
TV ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE CANNONBALL AE-1 AD

When I shoot a professional like Tennis Pro John Newcrumb, I use a professional camera like the new Cannonball AE-1 . . . !
Here, John! You try my camera!
It's nice . . . byt I STILL think a tennis ball has a better bounce!
POK!

THE AMERICAN EXPRESSED CARD AD


Do you know me? My face may seem familiar, but I'll bet you don't know my name! That's why I'm glad I carry this American Expressed Card . . . so I can charge airline tickets, hotel rooms, rental cars . . . even fine, expensive jewelry!
Have you guessed who I am yet? Well, today, I'm Martin Arbagi! Tomorrow, I'll be James Nicolai! And the day after, I may even be YOU! Because in real life, I'm Danny The Dip . . . the famous Professional Pickpocket!
JEWELRY
So always carry your American Expressed Card! DON'T leave home WITHOUT it! See, it's a lot easier for me to lift it—along with your wallet—than steal it from your apartment!
Here's your diamond and gold watch, Mr. Arbagi . . . and thank you!

THE WHISK DETERGENT AD

Hey, look! I caught the ring!
That's not the ONLY ring you caught! You've got RING AROUND THE COLLAR!
SPLAT!
And you've got RING AROUND THE EYE, you insolent creep!

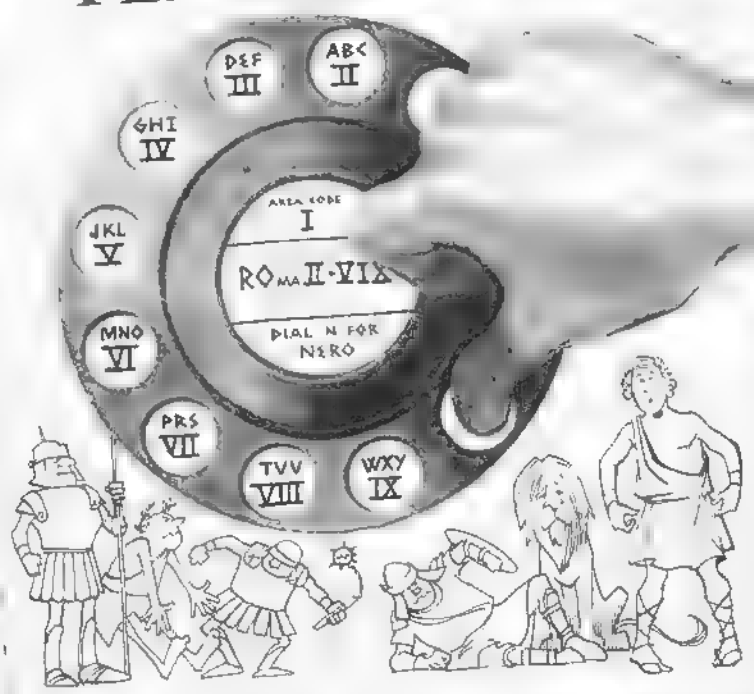
BYGONE BUY-GONES DEPT.

Despite all the books written about major events in history, we still know very little about the way our ancestors lived their normal, every-day lives. That's because the world didn't have Classified Telephone Directories in the past. And

MORE YELLOW PAGE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

IMPERIAL ROMAN TELEPHONE CO.



WEST AREA YELLOW PAGES
COVERING HILLS NUMBER II, IV & VII

▶ **Chariot Dealers—New**

CHARLTON OF HESTON, THE ELDER

Offering Rome's Most
Popular New Models:
The Heavy Duty Ben Hur For Him
The Sporty, Compact Ben Him For Her
3267 Via Luciano.....SPeedius 6-7100

▶ **Chariot Dealers—Used**

HONEST HONORIUS

Dealing In Low Mileage
Used Chariots
Carefully Maintained By
Little Old Estruscans
4115 Road of the
Fast Talkers.....LArcenium 8-3490

MADMAN MARCANTONIO

Cheap Transportation Chariots
XXXVI Months To Pay Se Habla Barbarian
168 Alley of Thieves.....CLunkium 3-8855

▶ **Clothiers**

HOUSE OF HEADWEAR

Specializing In
Oddly Formed
Laurel Wreaths For
Oddly Shaped Heads

1720 Fashionable Way..CRanium 4-5858

ROBERTUS HALLUM

LOW PRICED TOGAS FOR THE
WORKING SLAVE
Thousands To Choose From One Size Fits All
1478 Massilia Way .....SHoddius 5-8101

Sandals by Hippius
269 East Thinker .....POdiatri 8-2394

▶ **Gladiators**

ALI, MUHAMMIUS

First Rate Brutality Awful Poetry
Endless Monologues
"I AM THE GREATEST!"
561 Boulevard of
The Beautiful ..... ROpadopus 7-9926

460 Robbers Road.....PIllage 3-2290

MAKE NEW FRIENDS AS YOU TAKE PART IN THE DOWNFALL OF CIVILIZATION

Comely Maidens On Duty Around The Clock To Feed You Grapes And To Organize Orgies.

Special X-Rated Floor Shows Staged On Pagan Holidays, Caesar's Birth-Day & On Thanksgiving.

TO RESERVE A COUCH
PHONE WHoopie 5-0191

All Wine Half-Price During The Happy Hour—4 to 5 A.M.

CLUB DEBAUCHERY 414 Lane of Lechers

there's no substitute for reading The Yellow Pages to find out how a community lives and works. So let's suppose the telephone had been invented in the days of Ancient Rome, and phone books appeared a few months later. Here is a MAD look at

S THROUGH HISTORY*

*THIS IS PART II OF A CONTINUING SERIES. THE "MEDIAEVAL YELLOW PAGES" WILL APPEAR NEXT.

▶ Gladiators

VICIOUS WARRIORS' BOOKING AGENCY
Hire A Pair Of Our Well Trained Brutes To Entertain Your Party Guests By Fighting To The Death
1819 Inhuman Way.....MAyhem 5-6188

▶ Government Buildings & Agencies

IMPERIAL FIRE DEPT.
"WE PREVENT ROME FROM BURNING WHILE NERO FIDDLES"
227 Street of the Smoke Eaters..... ARsonus 5-3311

ROMAN LEGION RECRUITING OFFICE
"Uncle Julius Wants You!"
Room CCLVII
Forum Bldg. ..... VEnividivici 5-5000

The Coliseum
100 Sportsman's Pl.....THumbsdown 5-5600
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

▶ Lion Trainers

CRUEL CONSTANTINE'S SPORTS CAMP
HAVE YOUR LION TRAINED WHERE THE CHAMPIONS TRAIN
Our Graduates Have Won 500 Straight Bouts Against Top Ranked Christians
Route 5,
Rome Heights .....CArniverus 3-7988

▶ Orgies—Public

Club Debauchery
414 Lane of Lechers.....WHoopie 5-0191
(See Our Display Ad)

LONELY SINGLES WINE CELLAR
Booze By The Jug—Cozy Steam Baths—Festivals Nightly
Unescorted Ladies Very, Very Cordially Invited
520 Via Voluptas.....PHilander 3-2290

▶ Orgy Supplies

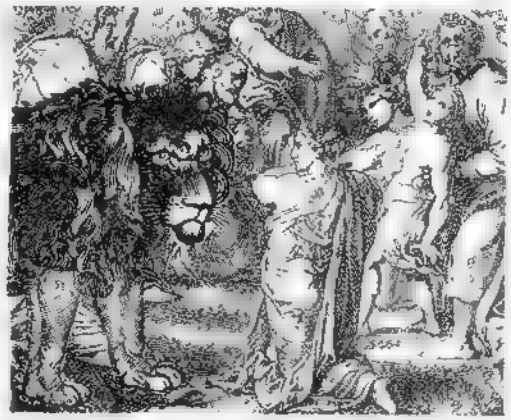
CITIZENS' PROCUREMENT CO.
Complete Stock Of Food—Drink—Party Hats
(Also A Complete Stock Of Blondes—Brunettes and Redheads)
583 Sellers' Mkt..... WIldfire 4-5903

☆ **COME ON OUT AND CHEER YOUR LIONS TO ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP** ☆

Phone Ahead For Reservations To Assure Yourself of a Good Seat Among Pagan Friends for All of This Season's Thrilling Action

THE COLISEUM
"Home Of The Undefeated Lions"

Ticket Office . THumbsdown 5-5600
Lion's Dressing Room THumbsdown 5-5601
Christians' Dressing Room THumbsdown 5-5602
Referees' & Coroner's Dressing Room THumbsdown 5-5603



▶ Ox Kennels

ANTHONY'S ANIMAL FARM
WE BREED & TRAIN OXEN FOR PULLING PLOWS—DRAGGING LOGS—MOVING BOULDERS
Human Slaves Trained To Do The Same Things Also On Sale
13758 Appian Way.....LAborius 2-7755

▶ Plunder Importers

Hadrian the Wholesaler
460 Robbers Road.....PIllage 4-5151
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

▶ Real Estate Agents

Century 1 B.C. Realtors
408 S. Escrow..... ....SUburbius 4-5500

POMPEII REALTORS
LOVELY VIEWSITES OVERLOOKING MOUNT VESUVIUS
What Better Spot For Your Dream Home?
2614 Herculaneum Turnpike ....KAboom 6-7000

SEVEN HILLS REAL ESTATE AGENCY
Exclusive Restricted Listings In Fashionable Tribune Terrace, North Of LXVIII Street
4455 Avenue of the Snobs....WEstchestium 5-7777

▶ Social & Patriotic Organizations

SPORTSMEN'S DICING & BEHEADING CLUB
JOIN ROME'S LEADING CITIZENS FOR LEISURE TIME FUN SHOOTING CRAPS & DECAPITATING CAPTURED ENEMY SOLDIERS
Low Yearly Dues All Needed Equipment Furnished
935 Forum Annex.. FRaternum 3-2287

Veterans of the 1st Punic War
223 Legion Lane.....COnquest 4-5050
Veterans of the 2nd Punic War
441 N. Phalanx..... .....COnquest 5-6172
Veterans of the 3rd Punic War
509 Mercenary Manor.....COnquest 7-0233

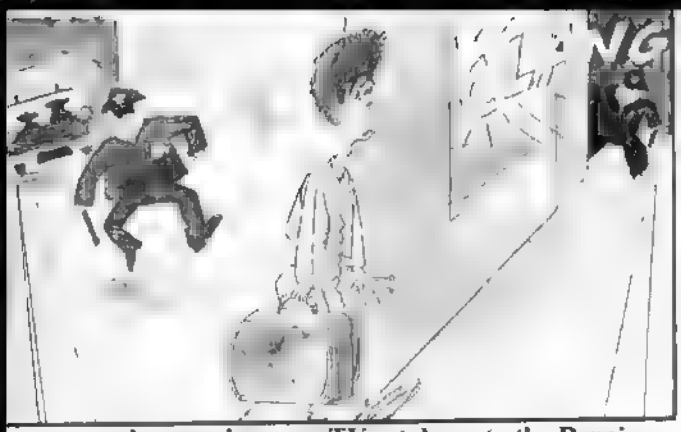
PLUNDER FROM CONQUERED LANDS AT DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICES!

- Fancy Black Lace Stuff From Hispania
- Cologne To Make You Smell Better From Gaul
- High Quality Hour Glass Sand From Egypt
- Hasenpfeffer & Bock Beer From Germania
- Black & White Spotted Dogs From Dalmatia

HADRIAN THE WHOLESALER
460 Robbers Road PIllage 4-5151
Member Of Greater Rome Chamber Of Conquest

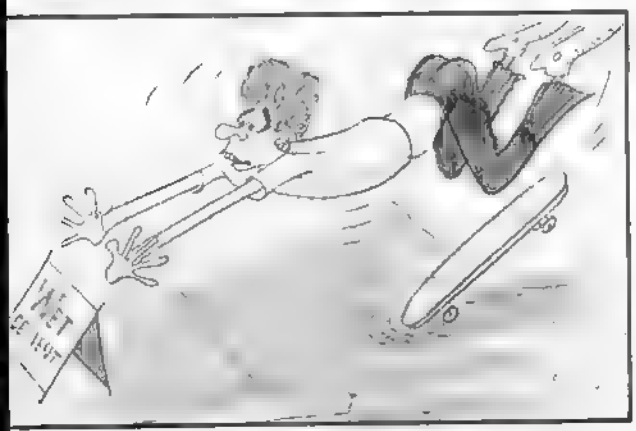
▶ Treachery—Wholesale

Bruté, Et Tu
468 Senatorial Bluff.. . SNeakius 6-3997



. . . you're carrying your TV set down to the Repair Shop, and a nearby burglar alarm suddenly goes off.

. . . you take shelter from a sudden downpour in the doorway of a porno movie house, and your Clergyman passes by.



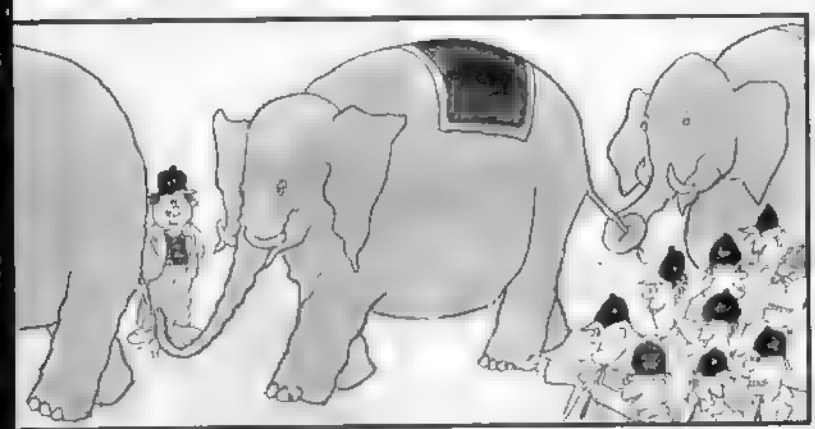
. . . you try out your brand new skateboard the day they've re-cemented the sidewalks.

FATE ACOMPLI DEPT.

you're a vi bad tim

. . . you get a flat, and you have to change the tire in the middle of a "Death's Head Motorcycle Gang" rally.

. . . you've bought a season ticket to the home team games, and they trade all of their stars for future draft picks.

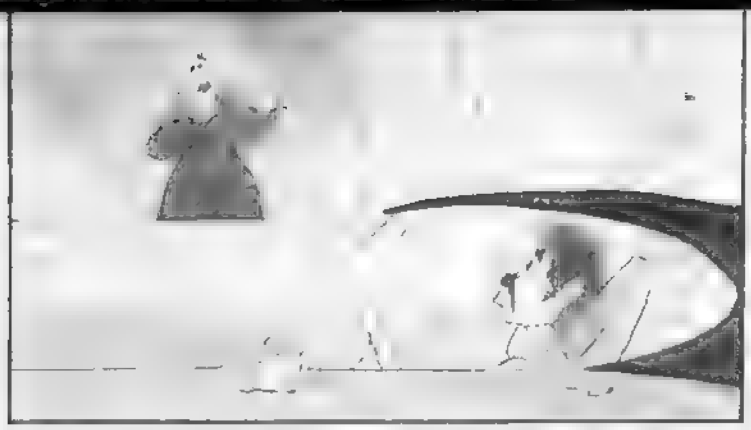


. . . you play hooky to watch the Circus come to town, and your class goes on a field trip to watch the Circus come to town.

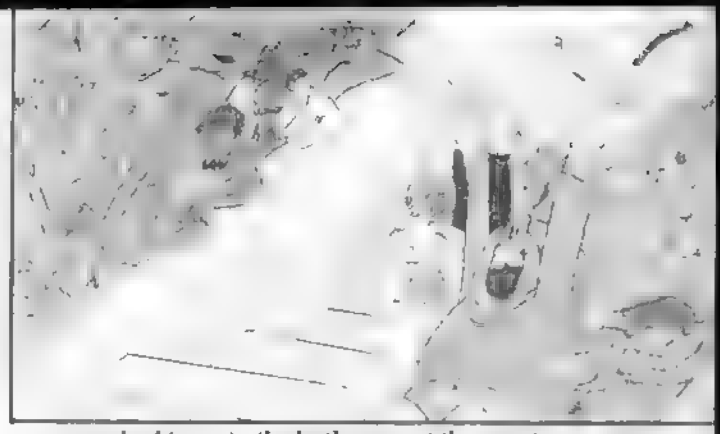
. . . you have your first big win at the races the day the I.R.S. arrives to audit your tax return.

ctim of ing when...

ARTIST & WRITER PAUL PETER PORGES

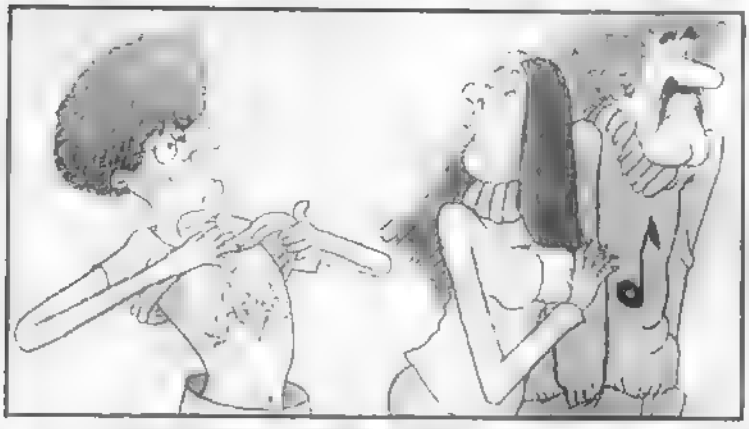


. . . your Father finally lets you have the keys to the new car the night your best girl comes down with the measles.

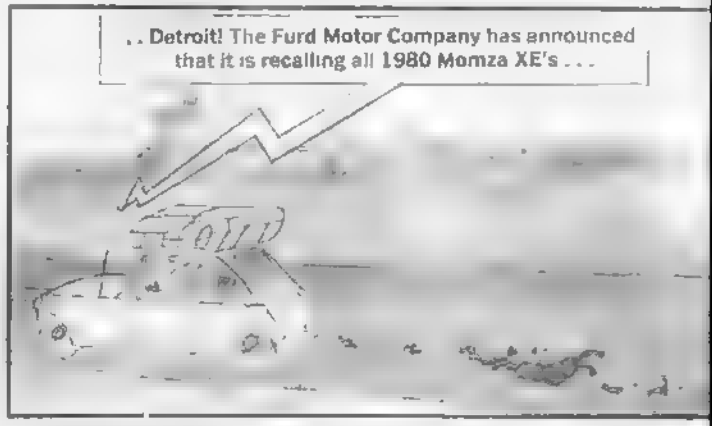


. . . you had to go to the bathroom at the exact moment that your home team made their only triple play ever.

. . . you're putting in your contact lenses just as your plane hits sudden turbulence.



. . . you have yourself tattooed with your girl's name, and she's just dropped you for a music major with a guitar.



. . . the brand new car you've bought to go cross-country in has just been declared a "Death Trap" by Ralph Nader.

. . . the restaurant you just finished eating a huge meal in is raided by the Health Department . . . and condemned.

. . . you happen to bump into the girl you're crazy about, having just eaten a raw onion sandwich on garlic bread.

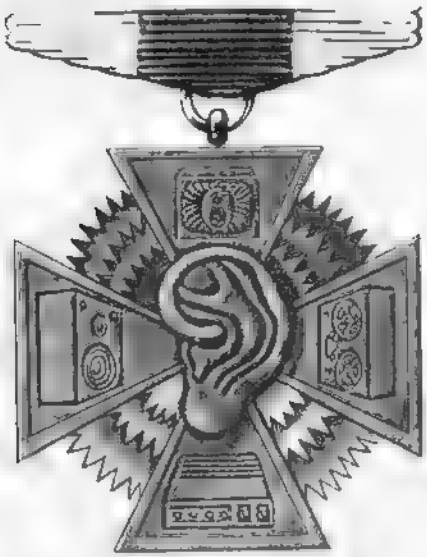
GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

. . . TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING STUDENTS

THE DEADLY DECIBEL MEDAL



For the performance of homework under extraordinary conditions, such as the TV, stereo tape player and FM radio blasting at full volume; thus preparing for noise pollution of daily life.

THE PERENNIAL STUDENT AWARD

For the brilliant use of every device available to students, such as scholarships, loans, grants, etc., to stay in school forever . . . thus relieving pressure on the already-crowded job market.

THE CHAPTER XI CITATION

For heroically declaring bankruptcy so student loans need not be repaid, thus depriving the U.S. Government of money that might be otherwise spent on things like neutron bombs and welfare cheats.

THE SILVER XEROX AWARD

For outstanding achievement in copying during exams from only the best fellow students so that only fantastic marks are brought home to make parents proud.

THE BLEEDING HEART MEDAL

Awarded to all students who actively participate in protest demonstrations on campus while at the same time, never taking out precious time to vote.

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

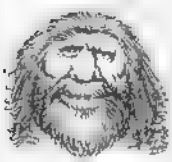
Most of us are so accustomed to the avalanche of appeals for charitable donations that constantly swamp us via magazines, newspapers and direct mail that it's hard to envision a world without them. But, in fact, the world was totally without organized charities through most of its history. The ones we know today began appearing only about a century ago. In a way, this is a shame. Just think of all the interesting worthy causes of long ago that charity fund raisers could have sunk their teeth into. MAD can envision what some of the heart tugging appeals for money would have looked like if there had been...

APPEALS FROM CHARITIES THROUGH HISTORY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: TOM KOCH

"I Appeal To Humanitarian Semi-Humans Everywhere To Help Save The Wooly Mammoth!"

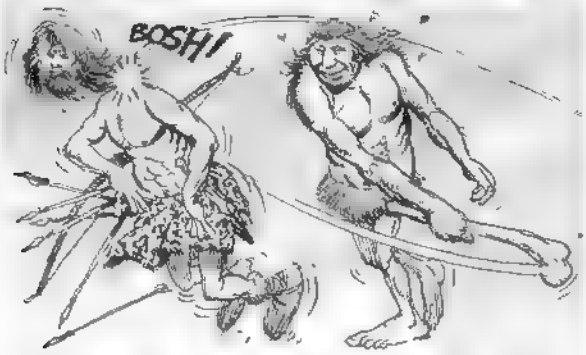
—OONNG THE SMELLY
FUND RAISING CHAIRCREATURE



Urged on by fashion-conscious cavewomen, our hunters have virtually wiped out the Great Wooly Mammoth. The insatiable demand for chic fur coats, flashy cave blankets and luxurious shag rugs brought extermination to whole herds of these noble beasts. As a result, the Prehistoric Wildlife Fund is working against time to buy Asia and turn it into a Wooly Mammoth Preserve while a few living specimens remain. Your donation of polished rocks, sea shells or other valuables used in bartering for realestate are urgently needed. Send now to

Prehistoric Wildlife Fund * Path That Runs Into The Swamp * Village By The River

80,000 YEARS OF THIS IS ENOUGH ALREADY!



COMBAT BRUTALITY!

Give To The N.A.A.C.P.!

(Neolithic Association
for the Advancement of Cro-Magnon People)

For eons, the barbarian Neanderthals have been braining us Cro-Magnons just because we don't resemble apes as closely as they do. This foolish prejudice must cease! The Neaderthals' low foreheads and excessive body hair do not make them a superior race, regardless of what they may claim.

The N.A.A.C.P. is seeking to aid Cro-Magnons by purchasing sentry wolves for the dwelling places of underpriviledged Brothers. Won't you help meet the cost of this humanitarian endeavor by giving bits of flint, leather thongs or other precious items?

N.A.A.C.P.

BOX 1402, STALACTITE STATION
MAMMOTH CAVE-BY-THE SEA

WHAT HAPPENS TO OLD PYRAMID BUILDERS WHEN THEY GET TOO FEEBLE TO DRAG ROCKS?

Dear Concerned Egyptian:

Perhaps you weren't aware that there are no pension plans or other fringe benefits available to the construction workers on our pyramids. As a result, these men are turned out to beg and pillage in their declining years.

Your name has been selected from a list of Nile Delta Community Leaders who will immediately see the need for constructing an Old Pyramid Builders' Home. The site, on a lovely sand dune in the country, already has been chosen. Now, we ask you to donate gold, slaves or anything else you can spare to help finance the project. Please fill out the coupon below, and send it in with your gift today.

I enclose my ☐ gold hoard ☐ able bodied slave ☐ other good stuff — (check one) as my tax deductible gift to the Home.

NAME _____ CLOSEST ANCESTOR _____ DYNASTY _____

PRESENT HOME ADDRESS _____ FUTURE TOMB ADDRESS _____

The Mount Ararat Flood Victims Need Your Help!

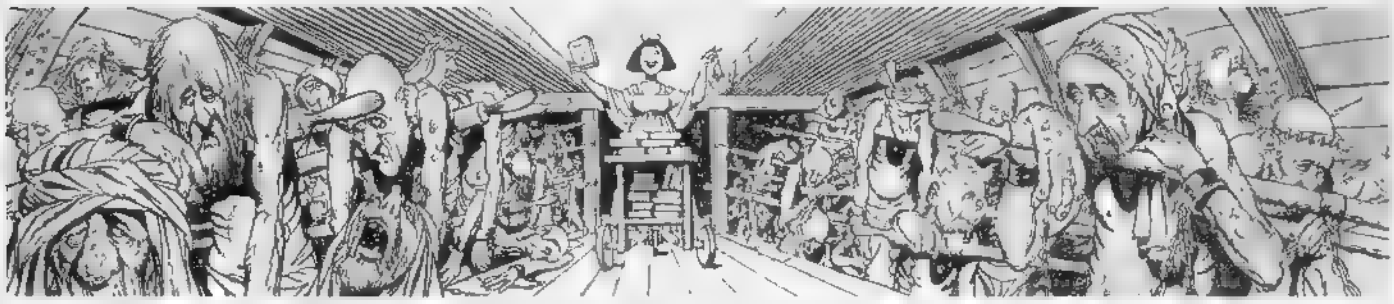
As you may have heard, the entire population of Asia Minor (except for one old man) was recently left homeless after 40 days and 40 nights of rain in the Mount Ararat area. Disaster workers from nearby Mesopotamian chapters of the Red Scroll are now on hand. However, it's proving difficult and expensive to reach flood victims trapped under rain water that is several miles deep.

But even when the poor wretches can't be saved, your Red Scroll Volunteers are there, serving them hot wine and barley cakes. To help us in this merciful work, send your donations of loaves, fishes, first born children, fatted calves, or whatever to:

The International Red Scroll

P.O. Box 1, Hanging Gardens Station, Babylon

ENRICH THE LIVES OF ONE HUNDRED GALLEY SLAVES FOR ONLY TWO PIECES OF SILVER!



GALLEY SLAVES DRAFTED INTO OUR PHOENICIAN MERCHANT FLEET ARE ALLOWED 20 MINUTES A DAY FOR REST AND RECREATION. MOST OF THEM WASTE THAT PRECIOUS TIME SLEEPING, OR MERELY SLUMPING OVER THEIR OARS IN A STUPOR. WHY? BECAUSE THERE IS NOTHING TO READ ON TODAY'S AVERAGE SLAVE GALLEY!

YOUR PHOENICIAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION IS SEEKING MONEY TO CORRECT THIS TRAGIC SITUATION. THINK HOW MUCH IT WOULD MEAN TO OUR MEN IN SHACKLES TO RELAX OCCASIONALLY WITH AN EXCITING MYSTERY OR A LIGHT ROMANTIC NOVEL. YOUR DONATION OF JUST TWO PIECES OF SILVER WILL BUY A CLAY TABLET THAT A WHOLE SHIP'S CREW CAN ENJOY. WON'T YOU HELP?

PHOENICIAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
Offices In Both Tyre And Sidon

OPEN YOUR HEART AND ADOPT AN ORPHANED HUN

During the recent sweep of Attila's hordes through our ravaged nation, most of us were too distracted to think about the Hunnish soldiers who were giving their lives to pillage and rape among us. Many of these unlucky brutes were married men, who left little Huns behind them in their Asian homeland.

Now, those faraway barbarian toddlers face the unpleasantness of life in a Hunnish orphanage. If you have a spare room with a strong bolt on the door, won't you fill out the coupon below and volunteer to adopt a young Hun who wants what you've got? Do it today!

Send to:

CUDDLE-A-HUN FOUNDATION
Visigoth Heights, Saxony

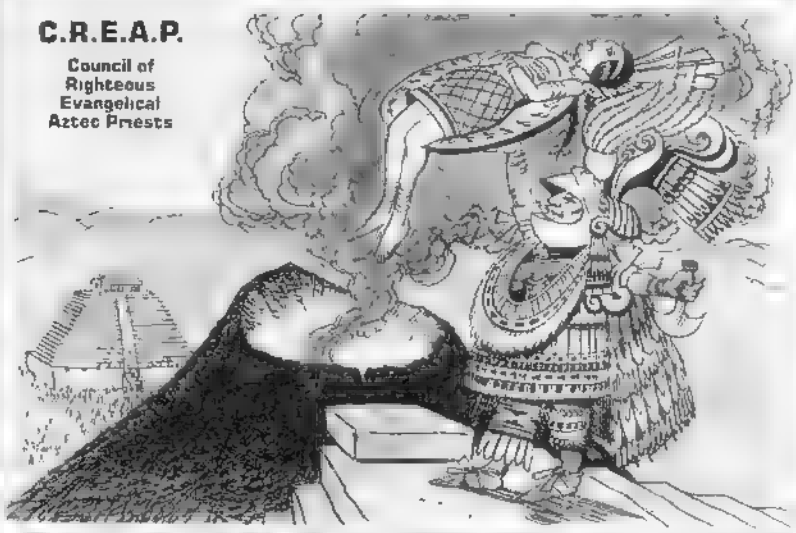
YES! I'LL HELP! MAKE MY HELLISH LIFE COMPLETE BY SENDING ME A LITTLE HUN AT ONCE!

NAME _____

VILLAGE _____

FIEFDOM _____

C.R.E.A.P.
Council of Righteous Evangelical Aztec Priests



GIVE 'TILL IT HURTS TO PROMOTE HUMAN SACRIFICE!

Dear Fellow Aztec

Repugnant as the thought may be to an upright, spook-fearing person like yourself, we live in a world where heathen worship of weather phenomena and pussycats still runs rampant. It is our duty to spread the word that hurling maidens into volcanoes is the only enlightened way to attain the blessings of good crops and lucky tuna fishing.

Dedicated Aztec missionaries are going forth daily to deliver our holy message. But they need costly torture devices to win true converts. Won't you help finance this work by donating your pre-Columbian artifacts? The need is great.

Spiritually yours,

Xochotuxmetecl XIV,
Chief Maiden Tosser

SUPPORT THE ANNUAL

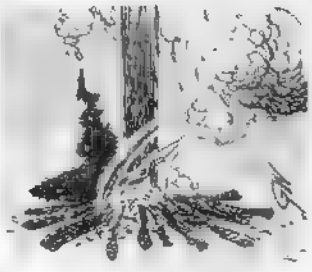
JARIS LOONY "BLACK DEATH" JUGGLE-THON!

ROYAL PALACE
THRONE ROOM
JULY 26-27
1349

In addition to being the top fool among His Majesty's Court Jesters, Jaris Loony is also admired as a wonderful human being. On the week-end of July 26-27, Loony and other notable fools from throughout the kingdom will juggle for 48 consecutive hours to raise money for the Jaris Loony Foundation To Combat The Black Death. If you can't be there in person, send your coins and trinkets by courier to show that you care. Remember, the Black Death will strike 997 Englishmen out of every 1,000 this year. One could be you!

WITCHCRAFT CAN BE WIPED OUT IN YOUR LIFETIME!

Untreated Condition
Before Diagnosis



Treated Condition
After Diagnosis

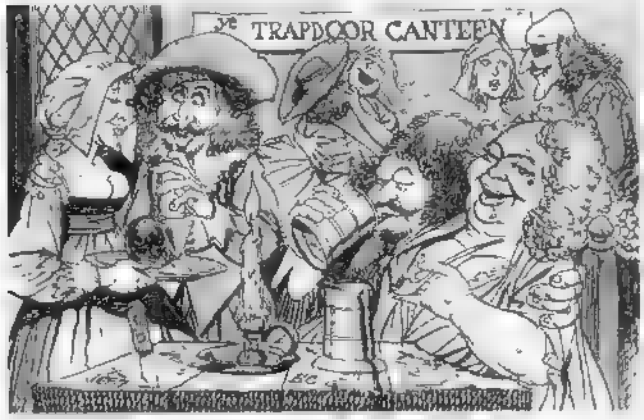
Thanks to the wonders of modern 17th Century science, it is now possible to diagnose and treat the early symptoms of witchery before those afflicted can plague the whole Colony. However, your donations are needed to publicize these five early warning signs of the dreaded condition

1. **High pitched, cackling laugh.**
2. **Pulsating nose warts.**
3. **Tendency to drown in cold water.**
4. **Unexplained loss of front teeth.**
5. **Craving for newt or toad soup.**

GIVE NOW TO EDUCATE THE PIOUS!

Salem Sorcery Smashers Society, Salem, Mass.

PROVIDING A HOME AWAY FROM HOME FOR OUR PIRATES ON SHORE LEAVE!



YOUR PRIVATELY FUNDED P.S.O.

After months of sea duty, a night ashore in a strange port can be a lonely experience for a shy, homesick pirate. All too often, his revolting manners and awful smell cause him to be shunned in the town's better cafés.

Now, the P.S.O. (Pirate Services Organization) has come to the rescue. With local girls donating their time and other things, the P.S.O. has opened canteens all across the Spanish Main. There, lonely young pirates in search of a good time are welcomed with cold drinks, dancing and, if they're lucky, even better cures for loneliness. Please send your doubloons and pieces-of-eight to support this undertaking. Or else!

P.S.O. "Helping Wherever The Jolly Roger Flies"

SEND A CHILD AWAY FROM CAMP THIS SUMMER

This is Jedediah W., age 10. He has spent his entire life in an Oregon lumber camp. For "Jed" and thousands of frontier children like him, the joys of growing up in 19th Century America are almost unknown. His summer days are a tedious round of fishing for pike, riding horseback and learning woodsy handicrafts.

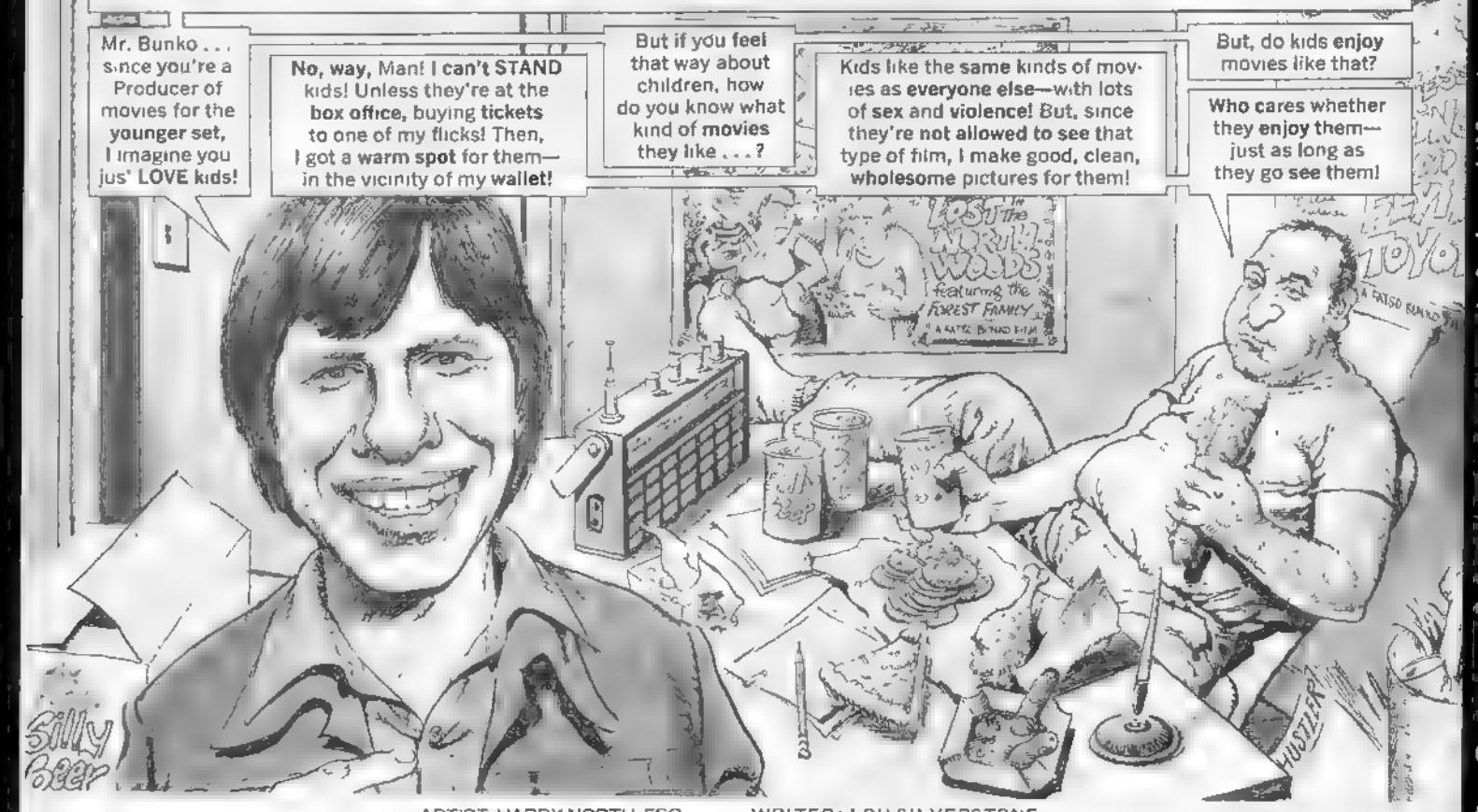
Won't you help send a boy like Jedediah away from camp to a big, fascinating city this summer? Let him see the tenements and push carts and smokestacks that most kids take for granted. No matter how small your donation, Jedediah will never forget you for it.

THE URBAN AIR FUND
27 Bowery Alley, New York, N.Y.

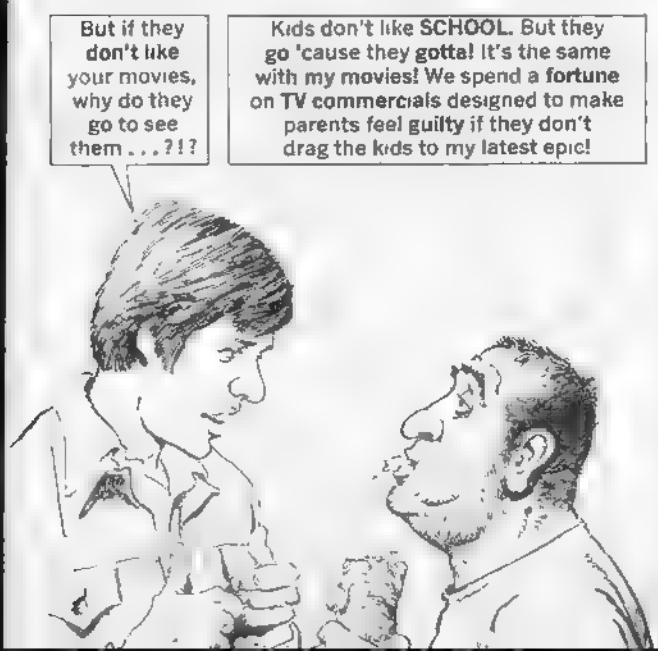
KIDDIE LITTER DEPT.

Howdy, y'all! My name is Chipped Cahter! The reason why I'm doin' this MAD Magazine interview is to show all you folks that I can make it on my own . . . without any help from mah Daddy, the President! Jus' like the Ford kids did before me! So let's all meet Mr. Bernard Bunko, who has been chosen as . . .

MAD'S "CHILDREN'S MOVIE PRODUCER OF THE YEAR"


Mr. Bunko . . . since you're a Producer of movies for the younger set, I imagine you jus' LOVE kids!
No, way, Man! I can't STAND kids! Unless they're at the box office, buying tickets to one of my flicks! Then, I got a warm spot for them—in the vicinity of my wallet!
But if you feel that way about children, how do you know what kind of movies they like . . . ?
Kids like the same kinds of movies as everyone else—with lots of sex and violence! But, since they're not allowed to see that type of film, I make good, clean, wholesome pictures for them!
But, do kids enjoy movies like that?
Who cares whether they enjoy them—just as long as they go see them!
Lost in the Woods featuring the Forest Family
Silly Beer
HUSTLER

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE


But if they don't like your movies, why do they go to see them . . . ?!?
Kids don't like SCHOOL. But they go 'cause they gotta! It's the same with my movies! We spend a fortune on TV commercials designed to make parents feel guilty if they don't drag the kids to my latest epic!

We just saw "The Forest Family Returns To The Forest"! Every family should see it, together!
If you're a responsible parent, you must see this film! We're going to take our kids to see it again!
Oh, boy, Mom—Pop! We're gonna see it again!
Is that a live, candid interview, Mr. Bunko . . . ?
As close to live and candid as you can expect from a dead-head Brother In-Law and his dumb family!
Forest Family Returns to the Forest

We used to aim our TV commercials at kids, but they're a lot smarter than their parents! After kids get ripped off a few times, they wise up! Their parents never learn! We use parents' feelings of guilt to our advantage!

Is guilt the only reason parents take their kids to see your movies?

No, there's also desperation! We release our films during the Holidays, when kids are home from school! Parents aren't used to having their brats around, and after a few days, they'll do anything to get them out of the house!!

When they arrive at the theater, we have a surprise waiting for them!!

You men . . . like Christmas gifts?

What gifts? We raise the prices during the Holiday season!

FOREST

FAMILY

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Wow! These prices are outrageous! What if the parents refuse to pay, and take the kids home?

After schlepping the kids, parking the car, and having to deal with tears and temper tantrums, they pay . . . no matter what it costs! You can say "No!" at home . . . but not in front of the box office!

ALL SEATS $5.00

TICKET

C'mon! We gotta hurry! We're shooting some wild animal scenes on location!

Gee, I didn't bring any clothes for a long trip!

Who said anything about a long trip? We're going to the zoo!

Do you know how much it would cost to HIRE all these wild animals?

But how are you going to explain an ELEPHANT in a "North Woods" movie?!?

Who cares about details?! And who's gonna complain? The Elephant Lobby??

What in heck are you doing to that elephant?

I'm trying to get him angry for the scene where he chases the little boy!

But . . . I don't see any little boy!

Oh, I already shot the scene of the kid running! I merely intercut shots of the elephant! It's the same scene I used last year when the grizzly bear chases the kid! I just remove the bear!

Who works out these switches in the story lines for each movie . . . the writers?!?

No . . . the Accountants! Writers don't know beans about saving money!

Actually, we don't even USE writers! We make up the story as we go along!

Another gimmick we use is the plain-looking kid who's a scientific genius!
Now to test my latest invention . . . a really HIGH PROTEIN CEREAL that will provide plenty of energy! I'll just pour in a little milk, and . . .
But we always make the little Einstein a real klutz! That way, the Mothers in the audience will think that their own clumsy brats are really closet geniuses!
Boy! I've heard of snap, crackle and pop! But this is ridiculous!
BOOM
Another bit we like to use is to have the kid invent a potion that makes people and things invisible! It saves us a fortune on actors and props!
*@&$!
We'll go to the North Woods and shoot some nature stuff! Then . . . we'll throw in some inane dialogue and some dumb situation like being trapped in a snowslide . . . splice in some animal footage . . .
. . . and then you've got a finished picture!
No, then I've got THREE finished pictures! I cut the whole mess into three sections, release them at Christmastime for a few years, then sell the whole package to a TV Network!
Do y'all make any other kind of movies besides nature films?
I produce COMEDIES for kids that are really different!
You mean the humor in these films is different!
No, I mean they've got NO HUMOR AT ALL! That's why they're different!!
We always use a standard formula! The Father is a schmuck!
I can't seem to get Channel 4 on the TV set!
Maybe that's because you're turning on BURNER 4, and looking in the OVEN, Dad!
Gee, don't all the Daddies in the audience object to being characterized as stupid?
Naah! Besides, people are used to seeing Fathers ridiculed on TV! It's expected!
Another foolproof ingredient is the large ungainly dog!
Oh?? Is that because kids love animals?
No, that's because dogs work cheap! And they don't have pushy, stage-struck Mothers like kid-actors do!

But my own personal favorite is the College Professor who's a complete idiot! Having flunked out of college, I get even with those creeps by making them even bigger idiots than Fathers!
You kidding? By making the Professor a real schlub, I keep the kids happy, and by using the word "Professor" in the title, the parents think the film is educational!
Are these kinds of films successful?
Since you feature a Professor, I assume you also show typical campus activities like Frat Parties and Food Fights and . . .
Are you crazy?! If I showed what college was REALLY like, I'd lose my precious "G" rating! You should be a College Professor with fuzzy thinking like that!!
Professor Dinkle and the Invisible Model T
Do you ever use "Big Names" in your movies?
The biggest! Ford! Volkswagen! Moped!!
But they're vehicles . . . not actors!!
Man, that's the best kind of actor there is! No salaries! No agents! And wheels can't hold out for more dough when you want to make a sequel!
Why would anyone want to see a movie featuring a CAR?!?
'Cause I make cars FLY!! See . . . ??
Gulp!! I'm sorry I asked!
Well, that about wraps it up! This is Chipped Cahter . . .
Wait a minute! You can't leave yet! You just gave me a . . . a million dollar idea! I can see it now . . .
"THE FUZZY-MINDED PRESIDENT"! No . . . !!
"THE IDIOT, BEER-DRINKING PRESIDENT'S BROTHER"!! We could splice in a kid running from your Uncle Billy, and you'd play . . .
This is Chipped Cahter, running away from Mr. Bernard Bunko . . . and turning you back to MAD Magazine! 'Bye!

WISHFUL INKING DEPT.

All you newspaper readers probably feel sure that you've seen stories of just about every shocking event that could possibly happen. A "Law and Order" Presidency turned out to be riddled with crooks. The most important country in the world turned out to be Saudi Arabia. A woman tennis pro turned out to be a former man. And, if those items weren't bizarre enough for you, there were always the articles in the "National Inquirer" and the "Star" about people who married chickens and psychics who talked to Rudolph Valentino. Well, you may be right! It is possible that there just isn't anything shocking left that can happen in this crazy world. In which case, the following items may well turn out to be—

NEWSPAPER STORIES WE'LL NEVER SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

ABC EXECUTIVES PLEDGE TO END "ERA OF SILLY PROGRAMMING"

The American Broadcasting Company today begged forgiveness for the childish TV programs it has inflicted on the public in recent years, and promised to do better in the future. The humble words came in a statement from the network's Board of Directors.

The tearful executives conceded that a desperate bid to improve ratings a few seasons ago prompted them to set programming standards at a lower level than any other network had dared to go.

"We now hope to undo the terrible damage we've done," said one sobbing vice-president. "It may take time, but we're already hunting for new shows that feature performers who have real talent. We feel it's the least we can do to repay our viewers, who have suffered so long."

ABC network executives are shown here displaying mass humility after voting to apologize to the TV viewers.

Post Office Urges Late Mailing For Xmas

Postal officials today confessed that their annual "Mail Early For Christmas" campaigns have been downright ridiculous, and they assured Americans that cards and packages posted by December 22 can be delivered easily before the holiday.

"Waiting until the last minute to do things is part of our national heritage," said Assistant Postmaster General Mark Fragile. "We shouldn't nag people to hurry just so our employees can have more time to hold Christmas parties and goof off."

Fragile announced that all postal workers will receive orders around December 1 to "shape up or ship out," and that a new holiday poster will soon go on display encouraging Christmas shoppers to take their own sweet time about mailing their cards and packages this year.

Assistant Postmaster Gen. Fragile unveils the new Christmas Season poster that reflects the department's unexpected policy change.

OLDEST HALL OF FAMER BLASTS STARS OF HIS ERA

The oldest living member of Baseball's Hall of Fame has charged that the legendary stars of his time were all bums, compared to present-day Major Leaguers.

Speaking at his 90th birthday party, Moose W. (Fielding) Shoddie stated, "I had a lifetime batting average of .392, but that was only because the pitching back then was so lousy. This year, every second division team has at least five guys who can throw harder than Cy Young ever did."

Shoddie's best season came in 1912, when he batted .428 and received a salary of $3,600. He said he thinks he was grossly overpaid, considering the fact that modern high school players face tougher competition than he did, and aren't paid anything at all for doing it.

Baseball Hall of Famer Moose W. (Fielding) Shoddie, celebrates his 90th birthday by offering this graphic opinion of early Major League baseball players, including himself

Joint Chiefs Beg Congress for Defense Spending Cutback

The Joint Chiefs of Staff today urged Congress to stop appropriating money for the Pentagon faster than they can spend it. The military leaders said that the Defense Department already has put every one of its extravagant plans into operation, and that more time will be needed to think up ingenious new ways to squander cash.

Speaking for the Joint Chiefs, Major General Curt Breefing said that the Pentagon recently embarked on such ridiculous money spending projects as stationing dance orchestras on submarines and testing the reactions of goldfish to high altitude flight. Added Breefing, "We're afraid that taxpayers may be upset if we have to launch even sillier projects to spend all the money that Congress has given us."

Unidentified officer poses amidst small portion of Pentagon's unspent appropriation money.

ADMINISTRATION ADMITS CARTER CRITICS ARE RIGHT

White House spokesmen today admitted that Republican proposals for next year's federal budget are much more practical than those offered by President Carter in his message to Congress last week. As one of Mr. Carter's top economic advisors put it, "We just wish we'd been smart enough to think of those great ideas we've been hearing from the opposition. They've really made us look like a bunch of complete fools."

In the Oval Office, President Carter smiled amiably when informed that members of his own party are ready to junk his budget proposals. "Whatever the other guys want to do is fine with me," the President said.

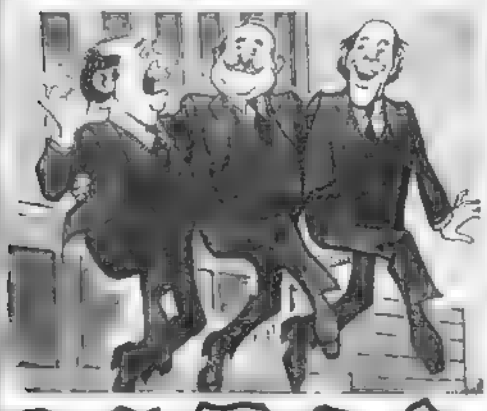
A top White House aid rips President Jimmy Carter's budget proposal to shreds after conceding to newsmen that the Republican alternatives are much better.

AUTO MAKERS ANNOUNCE MASSIVE PRICE CUTS

At a rare joint news conference, the presidents of the Big Three auto makers today announced sweeping price cuts that assured the return of the under-$3,000 car. The surprise announcement, which came despite good sales volume at recently increased prices, was explained by General Motors Vice President Frank Disclosure

"We just decided that it's immoral for us to make a $2,000 profit on every new car when it means that the average American has to go without other luxuries to buy one," said Disclosure. "We haven't been pleasing anyone lately except our stockholders, and most of them show their gratitude by driving Rolls-Royces instead of our products. So we made up our minds to do something nice for our customers for a change."

Presidents of the Big Three auto-manufacturers display new-found friendship as they leave the history-making conference where price cuts were announced



MAFIA ANNOUNCES TAKEOVER OF CEMENT AND GRAVEL INDUSTRIES

Mafia leaders today called a news conference to confirm reports that they have assumed control of the cement and gravel industries in nine Eastern states.

Spokesperson Nitro (Boom-Boom) Bombadini told reporters that his announcement of the takeover was being made publicly because the Mob now feels brazen enough to operate in the open.

"We already own the Police Departments in every town where we're muscling in on the cement and gravel rackets, so what's to hide?" he shrugged.

In response to a reporter's question, he added that little change in company operations is anticipated under the new ownership, except that the quality of cement will be lowered and the prices raised sufficiently to insure the 200% annual profit that the Mafia expects to earn on all of its business enterprises. And that anyone objecting would quickly learn the cement business first hand.

Veteran employees, who insist on remaining anonymous, handle part of the big backlog of orders at a Mafia-owned cement and gravel company.

NO CONFIDENCE GAME DEPT.

More HOW CAN

. . . the Ski Instructor in a body cast!

. the Blind Date who's all dressed up in leather and boots and chains!

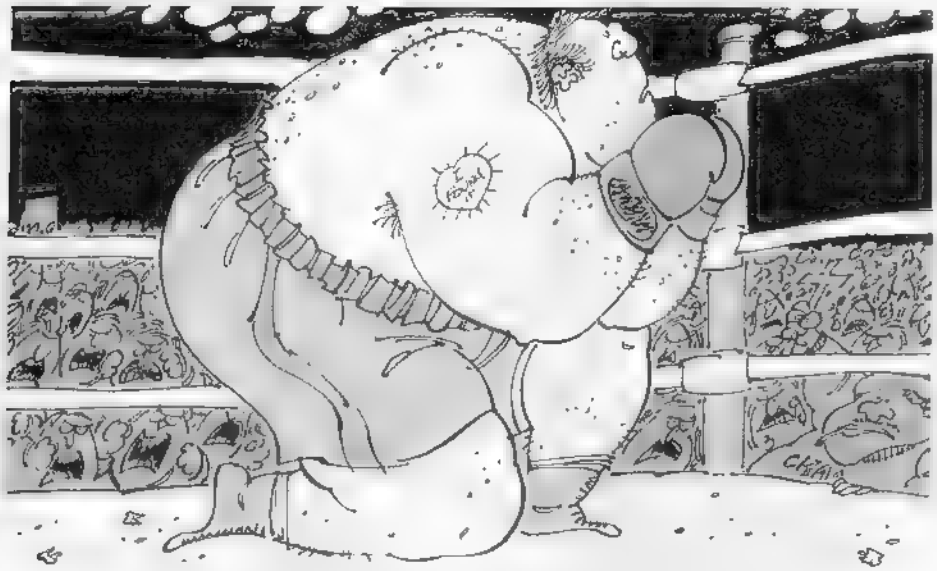
the Short-Order Cook with a cold!

. . . the brand new car with an oil spot the size of a wading pool underneath!

. . . the TV Weatherman who points to Texas and calls it the Ohio Valley!

YOU TRUST...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



... the Boxer who kneels to pray before he knocks his opponent's brains out!

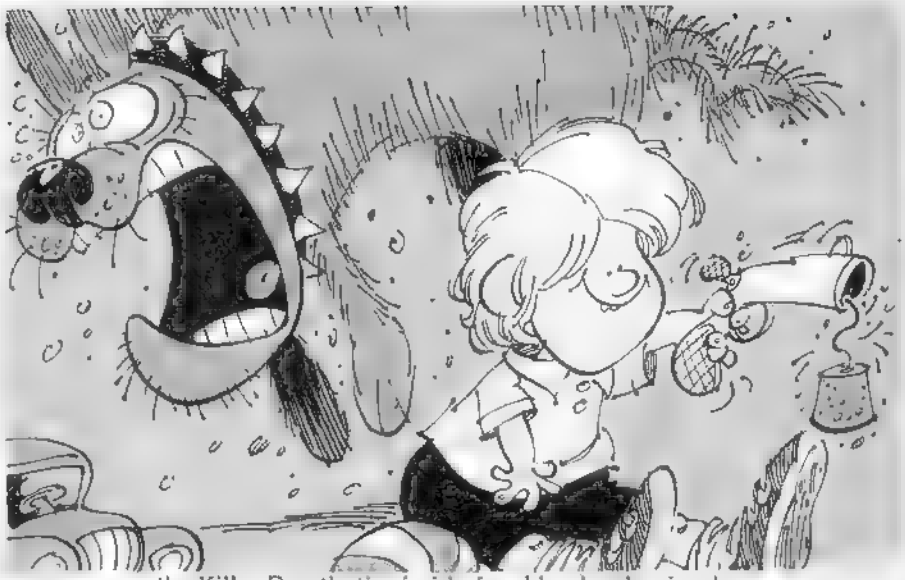
... the Safety Expert whose shoelaces are untied and shirt tails hang loose!

... the Faith Healer who has a hernia, suffers from gout and is nearly deaf!

... the Tennis Pro who plays with an oversize and oddly-strung racquet!

the Psychiatrist who pops Valiums!

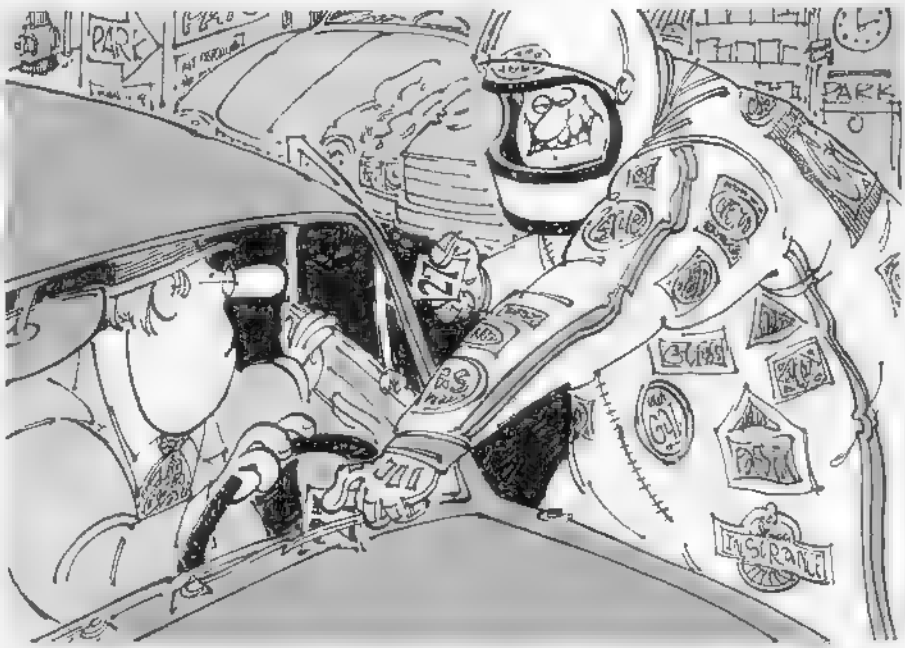
. . . the Cab Driver who speaks with an accent and reads the city map upside down!



. . . the Killer Dog that's afraid of sudden loud noises!

the Fire Chief who chain smokes while directing a four-alarmer!

. . . the Travel Agent who books your trip to Hawaii via Cleveland, Ohio; St. Louis, Missouri and Vancouver, British Columbia!



. . the Parking Lot Attendant who wears a crash helmet and racing gloves!

CORN ON THE CAB DEPT.

HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF A POPULAR WEEKLY TV SITCOM

(This is the shortest introduction MAD has ever run. If anyone misses a longer introduction . . . like the kind we usually run . . . drop us a line. If enough of you respond, we'll again include long, boring introductions in future TV take-offs.)

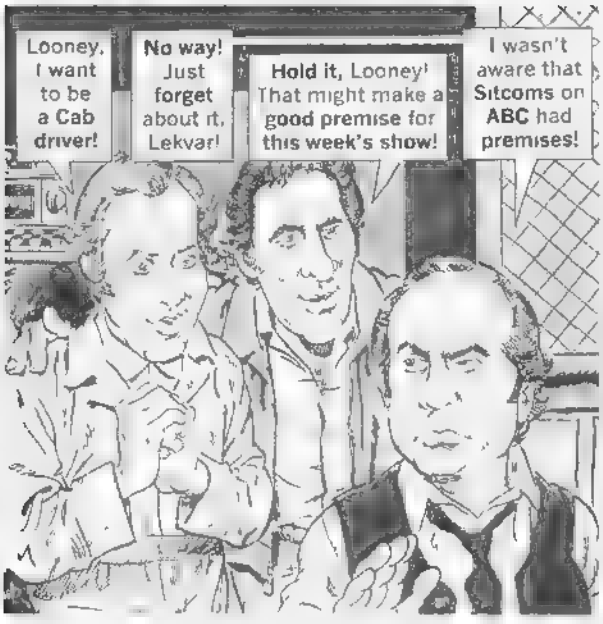
TAXING

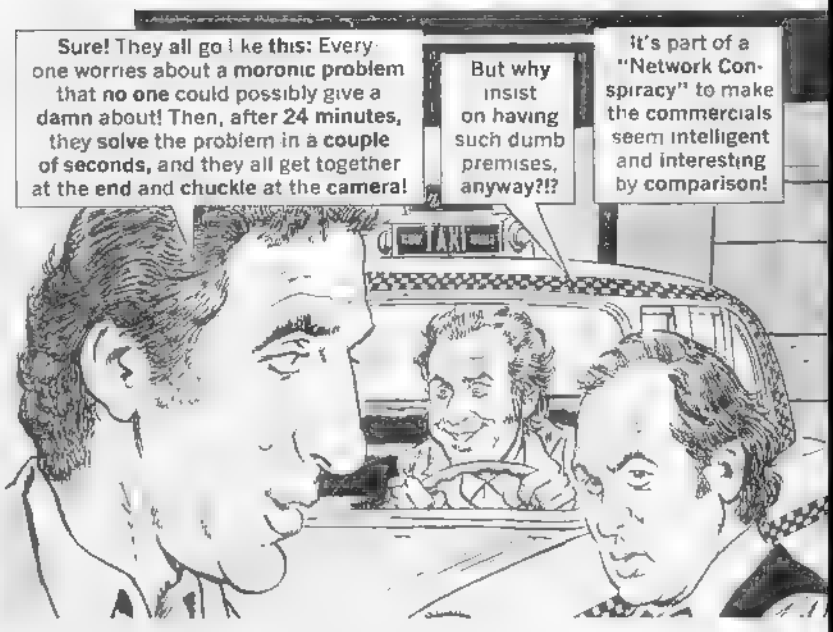
What an idea! A SitCom about New York City cab drivers!
This is no SitCom! This is a fantasy!
How come?
'Cause on this show, New York cabb es stop for—and pick up—Black and Puerto Rican passengers!
Nov shmoz ka pop! Notary sojac! Osky Wa Wa!
I don't understand Lekvar!
You mean . his language?
No, his appeal! Who—in this day and age—thinks his stereotyped, turn of-the-century impersonation of a foreigner s funny?
Tonal, you cretin, move it with Cab #12! Alix, get your buns out there in Cab #21! Elate, you dumb broad, take Cab #32! Now, GET GOING, YOU BUNCH OF CREEPS!
Why is Looney always in that cage?
Where ELSE should they keep a vicious animal?!
TAXI
SCRIPT
DO NOT Feed OR ANY

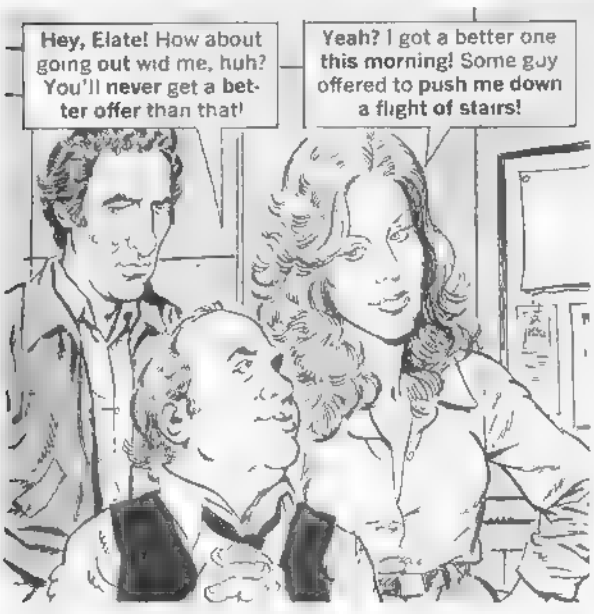
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

I'm not really a cabbie! Actually, I'm an actor!
So why don't you get a job in a play?
'Cause I have a lot of trouble remembering lines!
Why's that?
Why's what?
I see what you mean!
I'm gonna quit Cab driving and become a Boxer, even though I lost my last f ght!
Where . . . ? At Madison Square Garden . . . ? ! ?
No, on Fifth Avenue! She was an 83-year-old lady on a bicycle!
83 years old!?
Yeah . but she needed help . . . from her MOTHER!
Wow, did I have a busy day today! People all over the city were hailing me!
There must be a shortage of Taxis!
No . . of DRIVERS! They're in here—playing cards all day long!
TAXI

Isn't it amazing that cabbies who either sit around in a garage all day . . . or are stuck in heavy New York traffic . . lead such exciting lives!? What fascinating experiences did YOU have today, Alix??
Oh, the usual! Like this morning
She's almost due! Can you get us to the hospital FAST?!?
Calm down! Don't sweat it! I'm a licensed New York cabbie!
Does that mean you can go through red lights?
No, it means I can deliver your baby! Cabbies always do that! Aren't we wonderful?!
Wonderful, HELL!! If we didn't have to wait an hour while dozens of you cabs IGNORED us, you wouldn't HAVE to deliver the baby!!
WE DONT GO TO BROOKLYN
Here's your baby! He can ride for half-fare, since he's just a kid! And I'm sorry, but Blue Cross doesn't cover any part of the meter!!
Thank you! You did a wonderful job!!
A piece of Danish! You shoulda seen me yesterday!
I'd like to hear about it, but don't you think another flash-back might be confusing since we're already in a flashback?
Ahhh, who cares!? Listen!
Yesterday, I performed emergency brain surgery!
How do you feel?
I can't really tell you!
Of course not! Let me put your brain back in! Then, you can tell me!
And last Thursday, I separated Siamese twins! And two weeks ago, I did a HEART TRANSPLANT!
Oh, was it very difficult . . . ?
Really tough! I had a lot of trouble locating the heart! The patient was a High School Principal!
BUNKY
If you can do all these things, why don't you become a Doctor?!?
And worry about getting a cab in the rain?!? Are you crazy?!

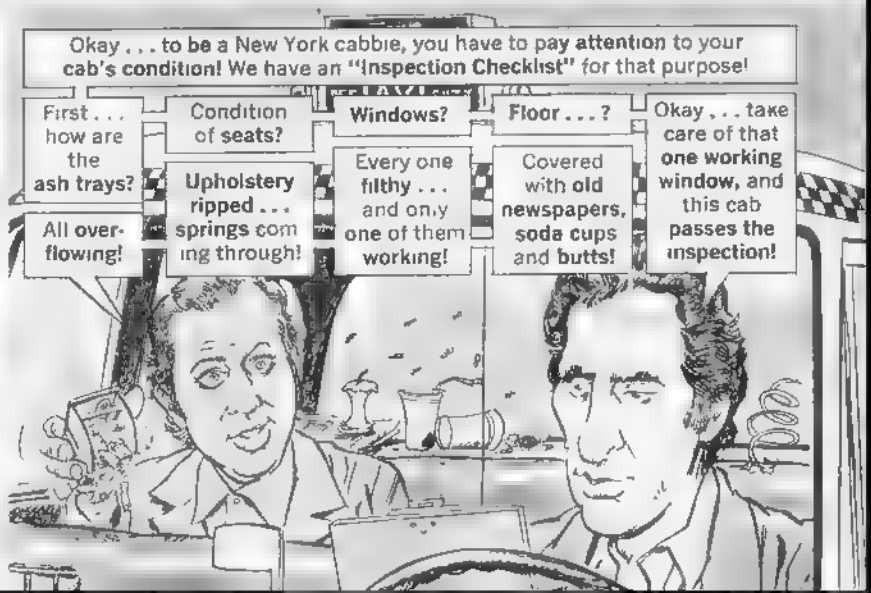

Looney, I want to be a Cab driver!
No way! Just forget about it, Lekvar!
Hold it, Looney! That might make a good premise for this week's show!
I wasn't aware that Sitcoms on ABC had premises!

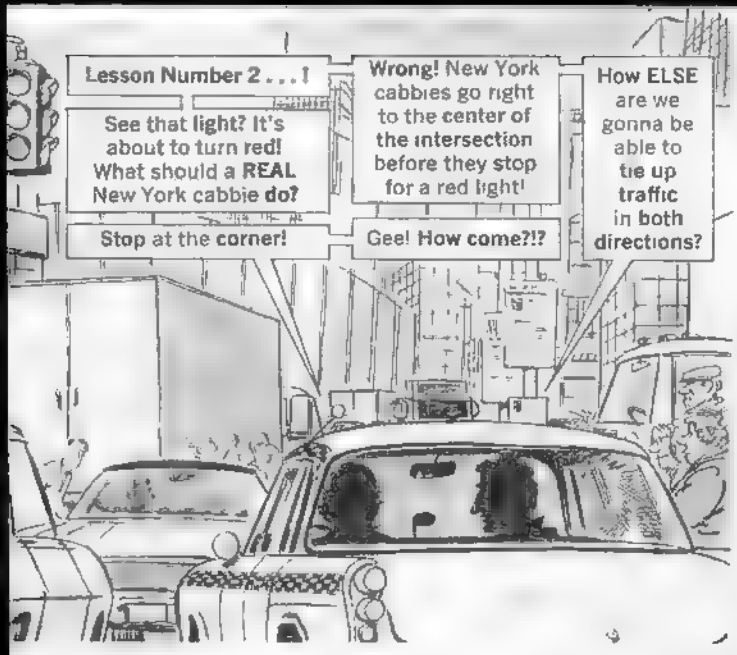

Sure! They all go like this: Everyone worries about a moronic problem that no one could possibly give a damn about! Then, after 24 minutes, they solve the problem in a couple of seconds, and they all get together at the end and chuckle at the camera!
But why insist on having such dumb premises, anyway?!?
It's part of a "Network Conspiracy" to make the commercials seem intelligent and interesting by comparison!

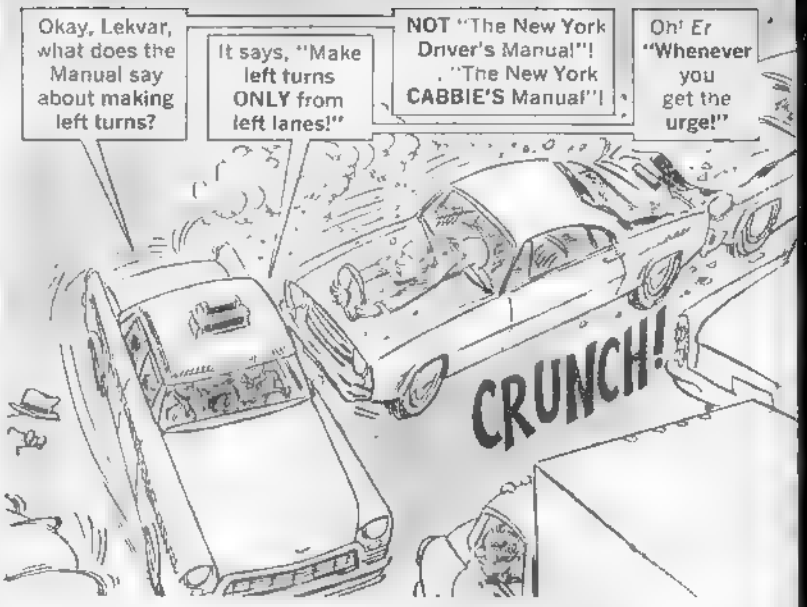

Hey, Elate! How about going out wid me, huh? You'll never get a better offer than that!
Yeah? I got a better one this morning! Some guy offered to push me down a flight of stairs!

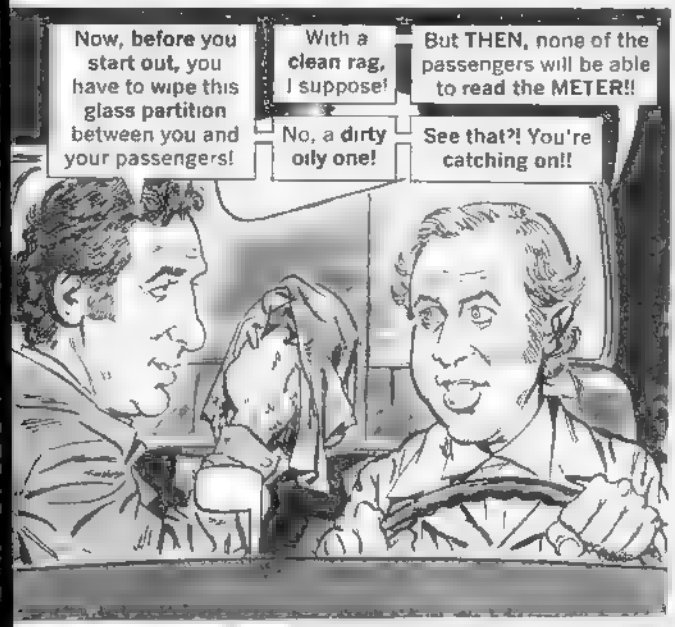
You know why you won't go out wid me?! You're afraid you might slip and fall for me!
I'm afraid I might slip and fall on TOP of you, Squirt!!
Cut out those "small people" jokes, I warn you!
Looney, don't be so sensitive! You're not really so small! You only GIVE that impression 'cause you're a SHRIMP!

Alix, I really want to be a cabbie!
Why not?!? It'll make an amusing show!!
What SHOW! I mean I want to be a real-life cabbie! How much longer can this goofy series last?!?


Okay . . . to be a New York cabbie, you have to pay attention to your cab's condition! We have an "Inspection Checklist" for that purpose!
First . . . how are the ash trays?
All overflowing!
Condition of seats?
Upholstery ripped . . . springs coming through!
Windows?
Every one filthy . . . and only one of them working!
Floor . . . ?
Covered with old newspapers, soda cups and butts!
Okay . . . take care of that one working window, and this cab passes the inspection!

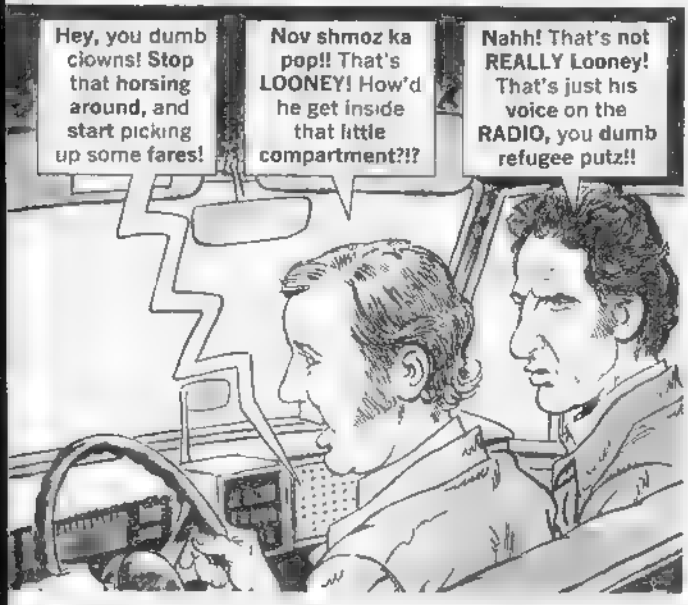

Lesson Number 2 . . . !
See that light? It's about to turn red! What should a REAL New York cabbie do?
Stop at the corner!
Wrong! New York cabbies go right to the center of the intersection before they stop for a red light!
Gee! How come?!?
How ELSE are we gonna be able to tie up traffic in both directions?

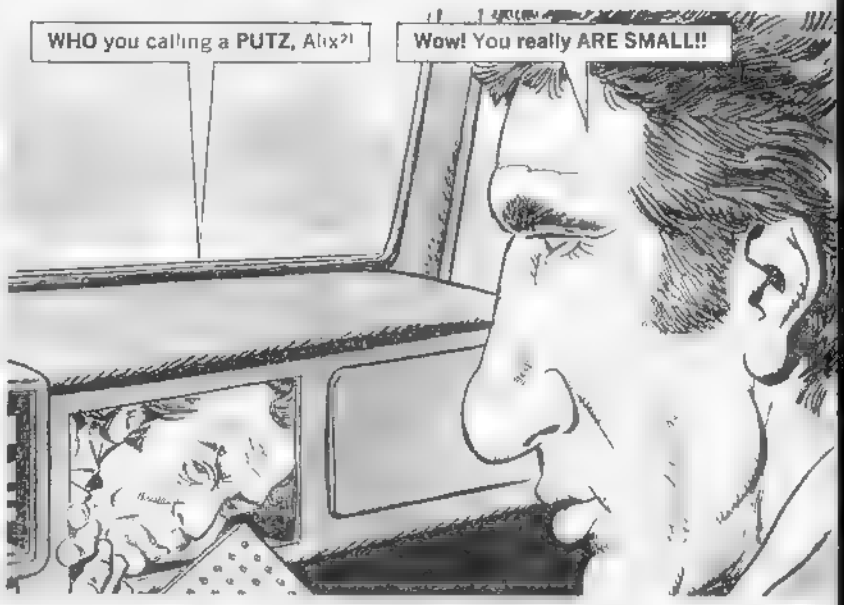

Okay, Lekvar, what does the Manual say about making left turns?
It says, "Make left turns ONLY from left lanes!"
NOT "The New York Driver's Manual"! . "The New York CABBIE'S Manual"!
Oh! Er "Whenever you get the urge!"
CRUNCH!

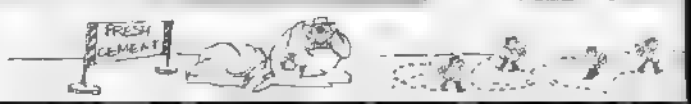

Now, before you start out, you have to wipe this glass partition between you and your passengers!
With a clean rag, I suppose!
No, a dirty oily one!
But THEN, none of the passengers will be able to read the METER!!
See that?! You're catching on!!

Another important point! When it starts to rain, always remember to turn on this little switch!
What does the switch do?

It activates the "OFF DUTY" sign!!
OFF TAXI DUTY


Hey, you dumb clowns! Stop that horsing around, and start picking up some fares!
Nov shmoz ka pop!! That's LOONEY! How'd he get inside that little compartment?!?
Nahh! That's not REALLY Looney! That's just his voice on the RADIO, you dumb refugee putz!!

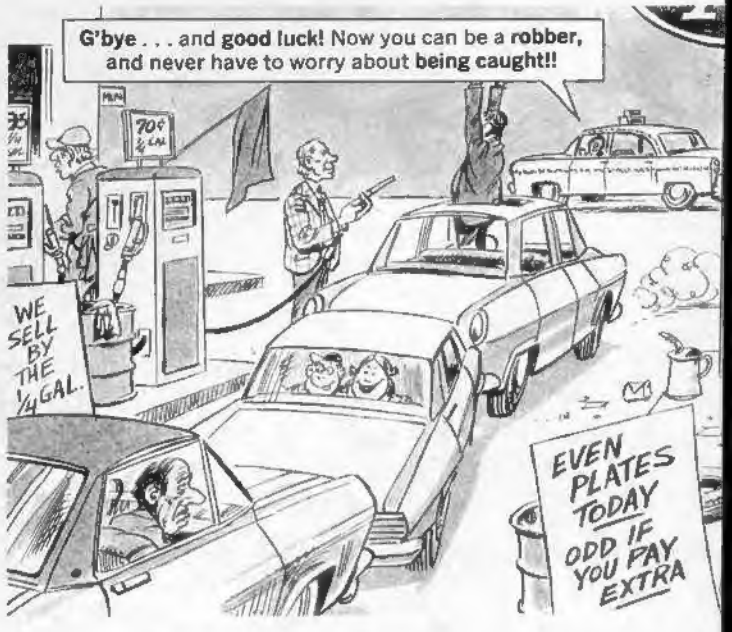

WHO you calling a PUTZ, Alix?!
Wow! You really ARE SMALL!!


FRESH MEAT

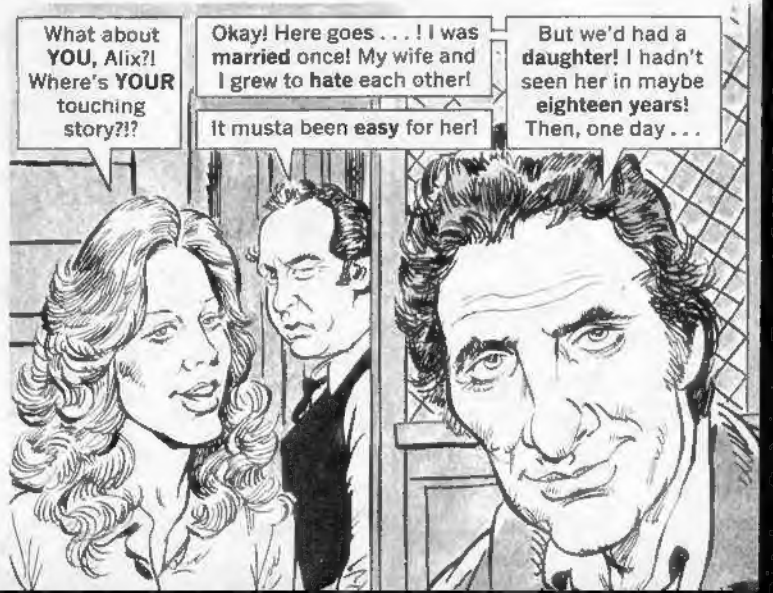
Okay, Buddy! Stick 'em up!
I guess you don't think this is a real gun . . . do you?
Darn it! Nobody does! I LOST my real pistol! How about PRETENDING it's a real gun, and hand over your money?!
Just my luck, I flag down a cab driver with no imagination!! I'm a failure —A FAILURE!
Where to . . . ?
Frankly, no!
I couldn't do that . . . !

Sob—sob—sob!!
I will!! I'll try something really DIFFICULT! I'll try holding up this DINER with my index finger!!
Your trouble is: You need to develop CONFIDENCE in yourself . . . !
I don't mean that! Hey, let's go! I think I can help you . . . !

C'mon, Uncle Frank! Give him a job! With his past experience, he's the perfect guy to work for you!
Hmmmmm! Maybe you're right! Okay, he's hired!!


G'bye . . . and good luck! Now you can be a robber, and never have to worry about being caught!!
WE SELL BY THE ¼ GAL.
EVEN PLATES TODAY
ODD IF YOU PAY EXTRA

Hey, Alix! What time is it?
About 20 minutes into the show!
Isn't it about time for our weekly adult-type heart-tugging problem?!?
That's right! Okay, who's got a quickie, emotion-packed adult problem?


What about YOU, Alix?! Where's YOUR touching story?!?
Okay! Here goes . . . ! I was married once! My wife and I grew to hate each other!
It musta been easy for her!
But we'd had a daughter! I hadn't seen her in maybe eighteen years! Then, one day . . .

Hey, the outside of this panel is getting mushy!
We must be having another flash-back!!
Park Avenue and E. 76th Street, Driver!
It looks like . . . could it be . . . ? She's the same age! It IS!! My own daughter!
I'm so nervous! I'm meeting my fiance's family!
She looks just like her Mother!
He's wonderful, and I'm going to be so happy with him!!
She talks just like her Mother!
He's got loads of money! I'll never have to work a day in my life! And if it doesn't pan out, I'll take him for a bundle in the divorce settlement!
My God, she SOUNDS just like her Mother!
STAY LOST!
Well, it's time to go home, although I don't know if any of us HAS a home! You never SEE one on this show!
Another tough day of sitting around!
Hold it! I need a couple of cabs!
I got some people out there . . . and I wanna give 'em a FREE RIDE!
Forget it! We're leaving!
We don't give no FREE RIDES!
Oh, yeah?! Well, it's only fair!! Because if it wasn't for the free ride they give US on ABC's Tuesday Night Schedule, this show would have an even lower rating than "Bowling For Dollars"!!
Okay! I'll take 'em!!
Hop right in folks!
Your cab is wait-ing!!

AL JAFFEE DEPT.

LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES IN THE SAME PLACE TWICE!

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Hey, Dad! You know all those Long Distance calls I made to you and Mom last month . . . ?
The New York Times
THE NEW YORKER
PHOTOGRAPHY: IRVING SCHILD

Reach out. Reach out and put the touch on someone.

Wherever you are, you're never too far away to spend a half hour or so on the phone with your folks back home. And don't worry about the cost. Just reach out. Reach out and put the touch on someone—mainly, them—with another phone call.

Bilk System